

I honour thee for this Match.

Love. O, do you so, Sir.

Kof. Yes, an' thou can'st take *Tobacco*, and drink old *B*
I'll give her five hundred Pound more to her Marriage
Than her own State.

Love. Fill a Pipe-full, *Jeremy*.

Face. Yes, but go in, and take it, Sir.

Love. We will.

I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, *Jeremy*.

Love. That Master

That had receiv'd such Happiness by a Servant,
In such a Widow, and with so much Wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that Servant's Wit,
And help his Fortune, though with some small Share
Of his own Candor
Speak for thyself, Knave.

Face. So I will, Sir. Gentlemen,
Though I am clean
Got off from *Subtle*, *Surly*, *Mammon*, *Dol*,
Hot Ananias, *Dapper*, *Druggier*, all
With whom I traded; yet I put myself
On you, that are my Country: and this Pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new Guests.



THE END.

1/2
2
Sir *COURTLY NICE:*

O R,

2
It cannot Be.

A

C O M E D Y.

As it is ActED at the

THEATRES-ROYAL

I N

Drury Lane and Covent Garden,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. *(John)* CROWNE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. BATHURST, Mess. HAWES, CLARKE,
and COLLINS, T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON, and C.
CORBETT.

MDCCLXV.



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The PROLOGUE.

WHAT are the Charms by which these happy Isles
 Have gain'd Heav'n's brightest and eternal Smiles?
 What Nation upon Earth besides our own
 But, by a Loss like ours, had been undone?
 Ten Ages scarce such Royal Worths display
 As England lost and found in one strange Day;
 One Hour in Sorrow and Confusion hurl'd,
 And yet the next the Envy of the World.
 Nay, we are blest, in spite of us 'tis known,
 Heav'n's Choice for us was better than our own.
 To sip the Blessings that o'erflow this Day,
 What Heaps o' Rogues we pil'd up in the Way?
 We chose fit Tools against all Good to strive,
 The sawciest, lewdest Protestants alive;
 They wou'd have form'd a bless'd Church indeed
 Upon a Turn-coat Doctor's lying Creed.
 To know if e'er he took Degree is hard,
 'Tis thought he'll have one in the Palace-Yard.
 Plot-follower sure will drink no more Stuff down
 From that foul Pitcher, when his Ears are gone.
 Let us rely on Conscience, not on Cheats,
 On Heaven's Wisdom, not on Jugglers Fears.
 How greatly Heav'n has our great Loss supply'd?
 'Tis no small Virtue heals a Wound so wide.
 Nay, in so little Time to rear our Head,
 To our own Wonder, and our Neighbour's Dread.
 To see that Valour crown'd with regal Pow'r,
 They oft have seen with Laurels crown'd before.
 Verse is too narrow for so great a Name,
 Far sounding Seas hourly repeat his Fame.
 Our Neighbours vanquish'd Fleets oft wasted o'er
 His Name to theirs and many a trembling Share;
 And we may go, by his great Conduct led,
 As far in Fame as our Forefathers did.
 At home he milder Ways to Glory chose,
 God-like, by Patience he subdu'd his Foes.
 Now they and their Designs are ruin'd all,
 Beneath their fall'n, accurs'd, excluding Wall.

EPILOGUE.

*These are not all the Blessings of this Isle,
Heav'n on our Nation in a Queen does smile,
Whose Virtue's Grace by Beauty shines so bright,
All the fair Sex to Virtue she'll invite.
And all the Clouds turn to a glorious Day,
By that illustrious Pair's united Ray,
Who both reform and grace us by their Sway.*

EPILOGUE.

*'TIS a hard Case an Audience now to please,
For every Palate's spoil'd with some Disease.
Poor Plays, as fast as Women, now decay,
They're seldom car'd for after the first Day:
How often have I heard true Wit call'd Stuff,
By Men with nothing in their Brains but Snuff?
Each Shante Spark that can the Fashion hit,
Place his Hat thus, roll full, forsooth's a Wit,
And thinks his Cloaths allow him judge of it.
The City Gallant, the Exchange being done,
Takes Sword at Temple-Bar which Nice suck on,
Comes here and passes for a Beaugarزون.
Audacious Vizards too so fast do grow,
You hardly can the Virtuous from 'em know.
Nay, Parents now not likely can endure
Their Children's Faults, but, what is worse, protect
Of old the Mother, full of Parent Sway,
Kept Miss a Vassal to her Work all Day;
And to the wooing Spark Miss was not brought,
But some fine golden Thing her Needle wrought.
Now you shall meet young Lady and her Mother,
Rambling in Hackney-Coaches mask'd together;
Yes, and to say the Truth, to work they go,
Fine Work, but — such as they will never show,
Unless some Knot to draw a Fool to wed,
And then he finds Miss rare at Work a-bed.
But the grand Rendez-vous is kept of late
Exact at Nine, hard by, o'er Chocolate.
'Sad Fate, that all the Christian Youth o' th' Nation
Should be oblig'd to Jews for Procreation,*

EPILOGUE.

Nay, what is worse, that's if Reports be true,
 Many a Christian Gallant there turns Jew;
 That is, so oft some rotten Strumpet plies him,
 The Surgeon's forc'd at last to circumcise him.
 Our Bridges-Street is grown a Strumpet-Fair,
 Where biggling Barods do palm their rotten Ware.
 There, Fowler like, the watching Gallant pores
 Behind his Glove, to get a Shot at Whores,
 And from his Tongue lets fly such charming Words,
 That straight he carries off the wounded Birds.
 Another waits above in the great Room,
 Till a new Cargozon of Strumpets come.
 There, by three Glasses plac'd, th' affected Dunce
 Acts you four Courtly Nices all at once.
 Our Galleries too were finely us'd of late,
 Where roasting Masks sat cackling for a Mate;
 They came not to see Plays, but act their own,
 And had throng'd Audiences when we had none.
 Our Plays it was impossible to hear,
 The honest Country-men were forc'd to swear;
 Confound you, give your barney prating o'er,
 Or, zounds, I'll sling you i' the Pit, you bawling Whore.
 This Comedy throws all that Lowdness down,
 For virtuous Liberty is pleas'd alone;
 Promotes the Stage to th' Ends at first design'd,
 As well to profit as delight the Mind.

The Names of the Persons at Co-
VENT-GARDEN, 1765.

- | | | |
|--------------------|---|--|
| Lord Bell-guard. | { | Leonora's Brother, in love with <i>Violante</i> .
By Mr. Walker. |
| Sir Courthly Nice. | { | A Fop, over curious in his Diet and Dress,
in love with <i>Leonora</i> . By Mr. Woodcock. |
| Farcewell. | { | A young Man of Quality and Fortune,
his Rival. By Mr. Clarke. |
| Serly. | { | A morose, ill-natur'd, negligent Fellow,
in love with <i>Violante</i> . By Mr. Spark. |
| Crack. | { | A young subtle intriguing Fellow. By
Mr. Shuter. |
| Hotthead. | { | A cholerick Zealot against Fanaticks.
By Mr. Dunstal. |
| Testimony. | { | A canting hypocritical Fanatick. By Mr.
Gibson. |
| Violante. | { | A Lady of Quality and Fortune, in love
with <i>Bellguard</i> . By Mrs. Vincent. |
| Leonora. | { | <i>Bellguard</i> 's Sister, in love with <i>Farcewell</i> .
By Miss Macklin. |
| Aunt. | { | <i>Leonora</i> 's Governess——an old, am-
rous, envious Maid. By Mrs. Pigeon. |

SCENE *Covent-Garden.*



Sir Courtly Nice :

O R,

It cannot Be.

A C T I.

SCENE, Lord Bellguard's House.

Enter at several Doors Leonora and Violante.

Leo. MY Dear——— *(they embrace.)*
Vio. My Dear, how is it with thee ?
What Amendment in thy Brother's Humour, and thy Condition ?

Leo. None.

Vio. Oh ! thou break'st my Heart, for I love him extremely, and am, I think, as well belov'd by him ; but whilst he has this Disease upon him so mortal to Liberty, I care venture on him no more than if he had the Plague, or any other Dislemper dangerous to Life. For what is Life without Liberty ? To be his Wife, is worse than to be a Ghost, for that walks and enjoys a little Chat sometimes, but I must be laid by a Conjuror call'd a Husband for my whole Life. I would not be a Queen on the same Terms ; no, nor on any Terms, because a Queen is confined to Forms, so fond am I of Liberty ; but next to that I love your Brother, I would give all the World to see him : is there no Way ?

Leo. None that I know of.

Vio. Must we then be for ever unhappy, I in the Loss of him, and you in eternal Slavery ?

Leo. I might have Liberty, but on such Terms——

Vio. What Terms?

Leo. Marriage with such a Coxcomb, you know him
—Sir Courtly Nice.

Vio. A tempting Man, he has a vast Estate.

Leo. But incumber'd.

Vio. With what?

Leo. A Pop, 'tis mortgag'd to a Thousand expensive
Follies; if it were not I would not drink Water for the
sake of a fine Bowl chain'd to the Well. The Youth
love has a fair and free Estate.

Vio. Mr Farewell, is it not?

Leo. The same.

Vio. Ah, but he's forbidden Fruit.

Leo. I know it to my Sorrow.

Vio. What's the Reason?

Leo. History must tell you. There has been a Quarrel
between our Families since the Conquest; none were
thought truly of our Blood that had not that Scurvy
it; because mine began to sweeten, my Father almost
suspected my Legitimacy; and lest me no Fortune but
on Condition I retain'd the antient Mark of our House.

Vio. There arises then your Brother's great Authority.
He has the Disposal of your Fortune, by consequence of
your Person; Fortune is all Men seek now. They are
so cow'd from Marriage, they will go Volunteers into a
Battle, but must be prest to Marriage; and 'tis the Still-
ling does it.

Leo. Too true; but I believe Mr. Farewell of a more
generous Temper; he addresses well.

Vio. It may be he does not know how it is with you;
you have the Fame of ten thousand Pound.

Leo. And the Money too, if I marry with my Brother's
Consent, not else.

Vio. That's hard, but Mr Farewell has enough for you
both.

Leo. Ay, if he will venture on me; yet if he will, I
know not how to come at him, I am so watch'd, not only
at home but abroad. I never stir out but, as they say,
the Devil does, with Chains and Torments. She that
is my Hell at home, is so abroad.

Vio. A New Woman?

Leo. No an old Woman, or rather an old Devil; nay
worse than an old Devil, an old Maid.

Vio. Oh! there's no Fiend so envious.

Or, *It cannot Be.*

9

Leo. Right; she will no more let young People sin than the Devil will let them be sav'd out of Envy to their Happiness.

Vio. Who is she?

Leo. One of my own Blood, an Aunt.

Vio. I know her, she of thy Blood! she has not had a Drop of it these twenty Years, the Devil of Envy suck'd it all out, and left Verjuice in the room.

Leo. True; this Aunt hangs on me like a daily Ague; but I had rather endure her than be curb'd by such a nonsensical Charm as Sir *Courtly* is. And nothing else can be apply'd to me; for to assist my governing Aunt, there is a whole Army of Spies in the House; and over them two Spies General: And there my Brother thinks he shews a Master-piece of Policy.

Vio. Why: what are they?

Leo. Two, that will agree in nothing but one another's Confusion. The one is a poor Kinsman of ours, so fierce an Enemy to Fanaticks, that he cou'd eat no other Meat; and he need no other Fire than himself to roast 'em; for he's always in a Flame when he comes near 'em, his Name is *Hot-head*.

Vio. And I warrant thee the other is a Fanatick.

Leo. Oh! a most zealous scrupulous one; with a Conscience swaddled so hard in its Infancy by strict Education, and now thump'd and cudgel'd so sore with daily Sermons and Lectures, that the weak ricketty Thing can endure nothing.

Vio. Certainly these two must make you Sport.

Leo. Oh! their Faces, Dresses, Names are Jest. The Fanatick's Name's *Testimony*.

Where's my Lord? Where's my Lord? [*Hot-head* within.]

Leo. Oh! I hear my Cholerick Cousin *Hot-head*.

Enter Hot-head.

Hot. Where's my Lord? Where's my Lord, I say.

Leo. What would you do with my Lord?

Hot. Call him to an Account if he were not my Cousin, cut his Pate, it may be cudgel him. Heaven be thank'd, to cudgel a Lord is no *Scandalum Magnatum*.

Leo. What's the Reason of all this Anger?

Hot. He affronts me, he invites me to live in his House and then keeps a Fanatick to make a Jest of me. He knows I sweat when I see one.

Leo. May be he has Occasion for one.

Hot. What Occasion? He is not in a Plot, is he? Fanaticks are good for nothing else that I know of.

Leo. Why not? Toads are good for something.

Hot. Ay, when they are hang'd and dry'd, so is no Fanatick. He is such a canker'd Rogue, he does Mischief chief when he's hang'd; let him spread Ink upon Paper and it raises Blisters—But here the Rogue is.

Enter Testimony.

Sirrah! Sirrah, What's your Business in this House, Sirrah?

Test. What Authority have you to examine me, Friend.

Hot. Friend, you Dog! call me Friend, I'll knock you down, Sirrah.

Test. Poor Soul——poor Soul——

Hot. You are an impudent Rascal to call me poor Soul——Sirrah, I have Loyalty and a good Conscience and that's a better Estate than any of your Party have, and if you live in the House with me, I'll settle it on you with a Pox to you.

Test. Yes, Mr *Hot head*, I know you well enough, I know you would hang us all if you could.

Hot. I need not, Sirrah, for Heaven be prais'd now you begin to hang yourselves; I knew when *Tyburn* was bestow'd upon the Priests and Jesuits, the Fanaticks and Republicans wou'd not long be without it; for they are very fond of all Church Lands; come, Sirrah, if you live here, I'll make you turn over a new Leaf, I'll make you go to Church, Sirrah.

Test. That's more than you do yourself, Mr. *Hot-head*, you go not often to Church.

Hot. What then? I'm for the Church, Sirrah. But you are against the Church, and against the Ministers, Sirrah.

Test. I cannot be edified by them, they are formally weak, ignorant, poor Souls——Lord help 'em——poor Souls.

Hot. Ignorant! you're an impudent Rascal to call Men o' their Learning ignorant; there's not one in a Hundred of 'em, but has taken all his Degrees at *Oxford* and is a Doctor, you Sot you.

Test. What signifies *Oxford*? Can't we be sav'd unless we go to *Oxford*?

Hot. *Oxford* don't lie out o' the Road to Heaven, you Ass.

Or, It cannot Be.

11

Test. Pray what do they learn at *Oxford*? only to study Heathens; they'll talk of *Aristotle* to the Publick, they may be ashamed to name *Aristotle* among civil People.

Hot. Oh! you Sot.

Test. Our Ministers are powerful Men, [To *Leo.*
Oh! Forsooth I wish you were under one of our Ministers; you wou'd find they wou'd pierce you, forsooth; they wou'd go to your inward Parts.

Hot. This Rogue is talking Bawdy.

Test. They wou'd shew you the great——great Sinfulness of Sin, that Sin is one of the sinfulnesses in the whole World.

Hot. You senseless Rascal, what should be sinful but Sin? What should be foolish but a Fool?

Leo. Are not these a ridiculous Couple? [To *Vio.*

Test. Come, this is very provoking and very profane; I shall have a sad Time on't in this wicked family.

Hot. Wicked! Sirrah: What Wickedness do you see in this Family?

Leo. Ay, Mr *Testimony*, now we are all concern'd, what Vices do you find among us?

Test. Suppose I see not many Vices, Morality is not the thing; the Heathens had Morality, and forsooth would you have your Coachman or your Footman to be no better Men than *Seneca*?

Hot. A Coachman a better Man than *Seneca*?

Leo. I wou'd have him be a better Coachman than I believe *Seneca* was.

Test. Ay, and a better Christian too, or woe be to him. But truly I see great Wantonness even in yourself, forsooth—the very Cook debauches you.—

Hot. How? Call the Cook!—Cook!—Cook!—

Leo. The Cook debauch me, Sirrah?

Test. I mean by pamp'ring you, Morning, Noon, and Night, with one wanton Kickshaw or another.—

Vio. You Coxcomb.

Leo. Sot.

Hot. Rascal. I thought the Cook had lain with my Cousin—Sirrah, you deserve to have your Bones broke. Well, Sirrah, since you find my Lord's Table is too lusty, I'll have it gelded; I'll make you keep *Lent*, and fast *Wednesdays* and *Fridays*.

Test. I will not, I abhor it, 'tis Popery.

Hot. Then you shall fast *Tuesdays* and *Thursdays*.

Test. And then the Family will slander me, and say I do it out o' Contradiction——I will not do it, I do not love to grieve the Weak.

Hot. To grieve the Strong thou mean'st, thy own strong Stomach.

Test. You are offensive.

Hot. I will be more. I will watch you, Sirrah, and know why my Lord feeds such Rascals.

Test. I tarry not for his feeding, the Family is a fed Family, and I tarry out of pure Bowels.

Hot. Out of empty Bowels, which you have a Mind to fill, and it may be you may fill other empty Bellies, I mean among the Wenches; some of you godly Rogues play such Tricks sometimes. I'll watch you, Sirrah. [*Exit.*]

Test. And I'll watch you: My Spirit rises at this Mock exceedingly. [*Exit.*]

Vio. These are a pleasant Couple.

Leo. Is not my Brother politick? These are to see no Provisions for Wantonness be convey'd to me from abroad, and be sure they will not agree to deceive him. And that I may have none at home, my Brother will not venture a handsome Servant in the House; he swears he will not be Brother-in-law to e'er a Butler or Footman in *England*; and he has cull'd for his Family the most choice Pieces of Deformity he could find in the Nation. I believe they are now all together in the Pantry, and my Aunt among 'em distributing their Breakfast—the Monsters will be worth seeing—open the Door.—

The Scene is drawn, and a Company of crooked, scurvy, ill look'd Fellows are at Breakfast, and Aunt with them.

Aunt. How now? who open'd the Door without my Leave? Niece, this is one o' your Girlish Tricks, will you always be a Child? Will you never learn Staidness and Gravity, notwithstanding the perpetual Counsel you have from me, the perpetual Displeasure I shew at all Sort of youthful Follies; do not you know how I hate impertinent Youth?

Leo. Or any sort o' Youth to my Knowledge. [*Aside.*]

Au. Do not I always tell you how fine a thing it is to be grave; that Youth with Gravity is very passable, and almost esteem'd equal with Years? Very wise Persons will not be ashamed to match with grave Youth; daily

Experience shews it, and will you never leave? Fie——
 fie——fie——I would not for the World any wise
 sober Person o' Quality that has an Inclination for you,
 should ha' seen this Rudeness in you, to expose your
 Aunt in this Manner, in her Undress; it might ha' cre-
 ated in him an Aversion for you.

Leo. An Aversion to me, to see your ill Dress! (*Aside.*)

Au. Madam, I hope you'll pardon the Liberty I take
 in your Presence.

Vio. Oh! good Madam.——

[To Vio.]

Au. Oh! Madam——pardon me——I know I com-
 mit a Solecism in good Manners,——but you are a Lady
 that has a great deal of Goodness, and a great deal o'
 Worth——

Vio. O! sweet Madam!

Au. Oh! Madam! our Family has found it——you
 pleas'd us to honour us with your Friendship. We may
 venture to expose our Frailties before you, Madam, you'll
 be so good to pardon——Madam——

Vio. Oh! Madam!

Au. Well, really, Madam——I wonder where my
 Niece learns her Wantonness, we are the most reserv'd
 Family in the World. There were fourteen Sisters of us,
 and not one of us married.——

Vio. Is it possible!

Leo. To your great Grief.——

(*Aside.*)

Au. We were all so reserv'd. O! Madam! no Man
 durst presume to think of us;—I never had three Love-
 letters sent to me in my whole Life.

Vio. Oh! strange!

Au. Oh! we were very reserv'd. Well, Madam, I
 am very much out o' Countenance to appear thus before
 you.

Vio. Oh! Madam, every thing becomes you, Madam.

Au. Oh! you are very obliging, Madam.——Do you
 hear Niece——learn o' this Lady?

Leo. To flatter you.——

(*Aside.*)

Au. Madam, I am extreme unfortunate, the Affairs
 of the Family call me away from your sweet Conver-
 sation.

Vio. The Misfortune is mine, Madam.

Au. Oh! sweet Madam, your most humble Servant.

Vio. Your humble Servant, dear Madam! [*Exit Aunt.*]

Ha! ha! ha! What ridiculous Piece of Antiquity is this?

Thy Brother has a great Honour for his Family since he will keep such a Relick of his Ancestors as this.

Leo. All the House is of a Piece.

Vio. Nay if thou learn't Lewdness at home, thou hast a great Genius to it.

Leo. Well, what do you think of my Condition?

Vio. I like it.

Leo. Like it!

Vio. Ay, for I perceive your Brother has put the whole Force of his Wit into this Form of Government; now we can baffle it, he will find it is a Dream fit for nothing but *Utopia*; and never torment himself and his Friends with it any more; then he'll be a faultless Creature, and all of us happy in our Loves. Here he comes.

Enter Lord Bellguard.

Your Servant, good my Lord.

Bell. Your most humble Servant, Madam.

Leo. My Lord, why do you call him Lord? he's a Doctor, and curing me o' the Palpitation o' the Heart, Falling Sickness, Convulsions in the Eyes, and other such Distempers.

Vio. A Doctor! A Quack by his false Medicines, shortly we will see him mount the Stage, or stand at the Old—Exchange, and cry a Cure for your Horns, a Cure for your Horns.

Bell. I am glad to see you so pleasant, Madam.

Vio. How can I otherwise chuse, my Lord, and let your Family and Government?

Bell. Faith, Madam, he that will have a Garden must inclose it, and cover tender Plants: This is a very blissing Age to Virtue, 'twill not thrive without a Covering.

Vio. Ay, but, my Lord, you force your Ground too much, what Horns wou'd not grow in your Soil? What wou'd not your Forehead sprout? Were I your Wife and thus kept, I shou'd spread like a Vine, and all the Walls in England wou'd not hold me.

Bell. I'm not o' that Opinion, Madam.

Vio. Why shou'd you think better o' me than your Sister?

Bell. I judge very well of her, but must speak freely. I think few Women may be trusted in this Age; the World is, and ever was, a great Brothel; where or with whom may a Woman be trusted? with ancient Ladies

they are the chief Beauty Merchants, Venders of fine Love.

Leo. Ladies o' that Profession.

Bell. Oh! the most excellent, and most in Employ. Peddling Women cry Scotch Cloth of a Groat a Yard, Stuff only fit for Footmen; but wou'd you have fine Beauty, Choice of Beauty, and with Ease, Security, and Decency, go to your Lady Merchants. In common Houses the Work is manag'd as slovenly as Religion in Conventicles, enough to put one out of Conceit with it; but in Brothels o' Quality, Iniquity is carried on with that venerable Order would intice any one to Devotion.

Vio. Fie! fie!

Bell. And with that Security, a Man may there enjoy a Lady whilst her Husband holds her Cards.

Leo. And shall the Lady o' the House know o' these things?

Bell. And manage 'em too; break the Lady to the Lover's Hands; that's the Advantage o' Quality. If a young Lady has not a natural Amble, a poor Bawd cannot have Access to teach her.

Vio. What can a Lady of Quality propound by such Things?

Bell. Oh! many Things. As Presents, and Pleasures. She has her House full of good Company, her Ears full of wanton Stories, her Eyes full of tempting Sights, and now and then her Lips get a close Kiss. Oh! Madam! do you think it does not warm an elderly Lady's Blood, to have a brisk young Spark always by her Side? he is her Liquor of Life, and though she never gets a full Draught, a Taste cheers her Heart.

Leo. Who are these Ladies? where do they live?

Bell. Oh! you'd fain be acquainted with 'em? no such Matter; and yet I'll tell you where they live.

Leo. Where?

Bell. Almost every where; where there is an amorous Aunt, or over indulgent Mother.

Leo. Mothers! will Mothers corrupt their Daughters?

Bell. Ay, or if they won't, Daughters will corrupt their Mothers. Things are so inverted, that Ladies who were honest all their Youth, to be like their Mothers, turn lewd in their old Age to be like their Daughters. There never was such an open and general War made on Virtue; young ones of Thirteen will pickeere at it,

and by that time they are Twenty, they are risen to be Strumpets General, and march in publick with their Baggage, with Miss, and Mafs, and Nurse, and Maid, and a whole Train of Reformade Sinners, expecting the next Colly that falls.

Vio. You talk of paltry Huffies.

Bell. Very good Gentlewomen.

Leo. Gentlewomen o' those Empliments?

Bell. Ay, purchase 'em. I have known a fair young Lady give all her Fortune to attend a Man o' Quality in his Bed Chamber; be his chief Gentlewoman.

Leo. Suppose so, what's all this to me? If they had must I be so?

Bell. Truly, Sister, a rambling Woman, let her be never so good a Manager, will be apt to bring no Virtue as a Traveller does his Money, from a Brass Piece to a Brass-Farthing: But say she does not, is Reputation nothing? And let me tell you, Reputation will hang loose upon a galloping Lady; you may as well go among high Winds and not be ruffled, as among Men and not have your good Name blown over your Face.

Vio. Those Winds blow where they list. A Woman is not secure at home from Censure.

Bell. But you must allow a Jewel is not so secure in a Crowd as when lock'd up.

Leo. Lock'd up! do you think to lock me up?

Bell. I think to secure thee, my dear Sister.

Woman, like China, shou'd be kept with Care.

One Flaw debases her to common Ware. (Exeunt)

ACT II.

SCENE Violante's House.

Enter Violante and a Servant.

Vio. **I**S Mr. Farewell coming?

Ser. Yes, Madam, he's just at the Door.

Vio. That's well; if this brisk young Fellow has but Love enough to undertake this Work, and Wit enough to go thro' with it, we shall all be happy.

Enter Farewell.

Fa. Where's your Lady? Madam, your most humble Servant.

Vio. Your Servant, Mr. Farewell; you are a happy Man, young, rich, and in the Ladies Favours.

Fa. I'm glad to hear that, Madam, who are these Ladies, Madam ? a Day, an Hour of Youth and good Fortune is precious ; and Ladies, like Birds, must be aim'd at whilst they hop about us ; miss that Opportunity, you may lose 'em for ever. Therefore the Ladies, good Madam, quick, quick, for if you defer but half an Hour, they'll be in Love with somebody else.

Vio. No, Mr. Farewell, there is one Lady more constant, you'll own it when I name her ; my Lord Bellguard's delicate young Sister. What say you to her ?

Fa. I adore her.

Vio. And dare you attempt her ?

Fa. Dare I !

Vio. Ay, for do not you know you are the only Man forbidden her ?

Fa. Do I know of what Race I am, Madam ? Never was such a Pack of Fops as my Lord Bellguard's Ancestors and mine. They lov'd Wrangling more than we do Intriguing ; kept Lawyers instead o' Wenches, and begot upon their Bodies a Thousand illegitimate Law-Suits ; the Terms they observ'd as duly as the River does the Tides, and Land was carried to and fro as Mud is in the Thames. Nor were their Quarrels so bitter about Land as Place ; so big were their great Hearts, they could not come into one Room together for fear of losing Place. My Lord Bellguard's Father to end the Difference, most piously endeavours to be a better Man than any of his Ancestors. That is to say, a Lord.

Vio. And then the Strife ended !

Fa. Was more inflam'd. For my Lord was more insolent, as having Authority under the Broad Seal to be proud, by Consequence my Father more enrag'd ; and both the old Gentlemen contended who shou'd have the greatest Estate in Malice, and attain'd to be very considerable ; and when they died, endeavoured to settle it all upon us. But truly the young Lady and I most prodigally consum'd all our Portions at one Look, and agreed to cut off the wicked Entail.

Vio. You did well ; but how will you accomplish your Desires, her Brother has such Guards upon her !

Fa. Oh ! 'tis decreed ; nor shall thy Fate ! O Brother ! resist my Vow, though Guards were set on Guards,

till their confounded Coxcombs reach'd the Skies, to
o'er 'em all. ———

Vio. You are in a Rapture !

Fa. Ten thousand whenever I think of her.

Fa. But how will you do this ?

Vio. I have leagu'd with a Witch ; at least a young
Fellow that has more Tricks than a Witch ; he was a
poor Scholar at Oxford, but expell'd for studying the
Black Arts.

Vio. For Conjuring ?

Fa. Yes, Madam, not only a Man's Pigs or Poultry
but Wife or Daughter into his Chamber. Nothing could
'scape him, and he 'scap'd every thing. The Professors
watch'd more diligently for him than a Benefice, and
could never catch him. The grave Doctors abhor'd
him worse than a Heresy, and study'd more to keep him
out of their Families ; but he confuted their Skill, and
they could no more light upon him than on a jest.

Vio. I long to see him.

Fa. I order'd him to come hither to me.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here's one Mr. Crack enquires for you, Sir.

Fa. That's he — — — bring him in — — —

Enter Crack.

Mr. Crack, your Servant.

Cr. Your Servant, Sir, your humble Servant, Madam.

Vio. Your Servant, Sir, I am told you ha' been an
Oxford Scholar.

Cr. A Scholar, Madam ! a Scholar's Egg — emptied
by old Suck-Eggs, of all that Nature gave me, and crum-
bled full of Essences, Hypostases, and other Stuff o' meat
baking

Vio. Why did not you apply yourself to Divinity ?

Cr. Leave Wenches for Pigs, Madam : 'tis true, I
may wench then too, but it must be with Fear and Re-
verence, I hate that.

Vio. Why wou'd you not be a Physician ?

Cr. A Gold-finder, Madam ! look into Lakes for Bubbles
o' Money ? I had a Spirit above it. I had an Ambition
to be some honourable Profession ; such as People of
Quality undertake As for instance, Pimping. A Pimp
is as much above a Doctor, as a Cook is above a Scullion
when a Pimp has fowl'd a Dish, a Doctor scours it.

Vio. This is an arch Blade.

Cr. Oh! you are pleas'd to say so, Madam; 'tis more your Goodness, than my Desert.

Fa. Well, Mr. Crack, you know what you have undertaken.

Cr. I'll do't—The Lady's your's—Give me some Money.

Fa. There, there.——

Cr. Gold! thou Son o' the Sun, and Brother o' the Stars, Nutmeg o' Comfort, and Rose of Delight, as my Friend the King o' Persia calls himself——what can't thou not do, great Prince, if I be thy chief Minister?—

[Exit.

Fa. This is a notable Fellow,——our next Plot must be to secure your Rival Sir Courtly Nice.

Fa. Hang him, he secures himself by his Fopperies, she despises him.

Fa. Not many Ladies do so.

Fa. Oh! no, Madam, he's the general Guitar o' the Town, inlaid with every thing Women fancy; Gaiety, Gallantry, Delicacy, Nicety, Courtesy.

Fa. And pray, put in Gold too.

Fa. True, Madam, Oh! the Ladies love to have him in their Chambers, and play themselves asleep with him.

Fa. Well, I have provided one shall thrumble on him.

Fa. Who's that?

Fa. Surly.

Fa. Oh! Fire and Water are not so contrary. Sir Courtly is so civil a Creature, and so respectful to every thing that belongs to a Gentleman, he stands bare to his own Periwig. Surly uncovers to nothing but his own Nightcap, nor to that if he be drunk, for he sleeps in his Hat. Sir Courtly is so gentle a Creature, he writes a Challenge in the Style of a *Billet doux*. Surly talks to his Mistress as he would to a Hector that wins his Money. Sir Courtly is so pleas'd with his own Person, his daily Contemplation, nay his Salvation is a Looking glass, for there he finds eternal Happiness. Surly's Heaven, at least, his Priest, is his Claret glass; for to that he confesses all his Sins, and from it receives Absolution and comfort. But his Damnation is a Looking glass, for there he finds an eternal Fire at his Nose. In short, if you could make a Posset for the Devil, mingle these two, for there never was so sweet a Thing as Sir Courtly, so sour

as *Surly*. But how will you get 'em together? for nothing has Power over *Surly*, but Claret and the Devil.

Vio. Yes, I have. Heaven is pleas'd to think the Devil himself has not Mischief enough to plague that ill-tor'd Rogue, and joins me in Communion with him to torment him with Love; he loves me——

Fa. Love! can he love!

Vio. So much, he neglects his Claret for me; he comes hither hourly to perform his Devotion to me, in such a slovenly Manner; 'tis such a *Non-Conformity* to all decent Ceremonies.

Surly } Where's your Mistress?
[*within*]

Vio. I hear him; we'll ha'sport with him. He abhors his Love worse than Murder or Treason; for those are Mischiefs to others, but Love he accounts High-Treason against his own damnable Person: and he's more ashamed of it, than he would be of a Beast's Tail if it grew out of him. Therefore I'll conceal, and do you charge him with it, you shall hear how he'll renounce it, then will I appear like Conscience to a sick Debauchee, and you shall see what an awkward Penitent I'll make him. [Exit]

Enter *Surly*.

Fa. Honest *Surly*, how do'st do?

Sur. Pristhee look in my Water.

Fa. In thy Water!

Sur. Ay, for I don't love to answer impertinent Questions.

Fa. Is it impertinent to inquire after the Health of a Friend?

Sur. A Friend! Thy Talk is more boyish than a Face. Dost thou think there are such Friends? Thou believ'st there are Mērmāids and Centaurs, I warrant for such Friends. Monsters that grow to some other Beasts, and are the least Part o' themselves.

Fa. Why? hast thou no Concern for any Beast thyself?

Sur. Yes, Bird, for many Things for my own Sake for witty Men whilst they drink with me, handier Whores whilst they lie with me, Dogs, Horses, Cattle, whilst they belong to me; after that, I care not if the Wits be hang'd, the Whores be pox'd, and the Cattle bewitch'd.

Fa. A very generous Temper.

Sir. 'Tis a wise and honest Temper. The pretended Good-nature is Ill-nature; it makes a Man an *Afs* to others, he bears their Burden; a Rogue to himself, he cheats himself of his Quiet and Fortune. I am so very honest to myself, if the whole World were hang'd it should not rob me of a Minute's Ease, I thank Heaven for it.

Fa. Was there ever such a *Barbarian*?

Sir. Thou'rt an *Afs*; which is the *Barbarian*, he that eats Man, or the Man that's eaten? the Rogue that grieves away my Flesh eats me, and is a *Barbarian*; so is he that with Vexation gnaws himself; I am no such Canibal.

Fa. Hast thou no Compassion?

Sir. I know not what it is.

Fa. Suppose you see a Man o' Quality in Misery?

Sir. Let him be in Misery and be damn'd.

Fa. Are you not concern'd for his Quality?

Sir. The less for that, because if he fancies the Whimsey, he has it to please him.

Fa. To trouble him.

Sir. Then to comfort him, I'll tell him he's the Son of a Whore, and his Grandfather rose by pimping.

Fa. Suppose you saw a Man o' Parts unfortunate?

Sir. Let his Parts look after him.

Fa. They'll afflict him.

Sir. Then to quiet him, I'll tell him he's an *Afs*.

Fa. Have you no Charity? do you never give any thing to the Poor?

Sir. As much as any Man.

Fa. What's that?

Sir. Nothing.

Fa. Does no Man give any Thing?

Sir. Not to the Poor; they give it to themselves: Some Fools have Diseases in their Natures, they never see any one in Pain, but they feel half on't, and so they give Money to ease themselves.

Fa. Ha' you no Love for any Thing?

Sir. I have Appetite

Fa. Have you no Love for Women?

Sir. I ha' Lust.

Fa. No Love.

Sir. That's the same Thing, the Word Love is a Figure to cover the naked Sense, a Fashion brought up by the Mother of Jilts; she cuckolded her Husband with the *Serpent*, then pretended to Modesty, and fell a

making Plackets presently : And her Daughters take up the Trade. You may import what Lewdness you will into their Commonwealth, if you will wash it over with some fine Name. You may proclaim at Market-cross how great an Adorer you are of such a Woman's Charms ; how much you desire to be admitted into her Service ; that is, how lusty a Centaur you are, that the Horse in you is much the major Part, and she shall receive all this without a Blush, whilst the Beast trots to her under the Name of a Lover ; when if she had any Wit she'd know, a Lover is more impudent than a Whoremaster ; for a Whoremaster throws all his Bombs at a whole City, your Lover wastes all his upon a single House. So that when a Woman desires a Lover, she desires to have the whole Brute to herself.

Fa. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Sur. What do you laugh at, Sir ?

Fa. Only that your Mistress has heard your learned Discourse, Sir. Pray appear, Madam, and own you have lost your Wager, is he a Lover or no ?

Enter Violante.

Sur. Here's a young treacherous Rogue.

Vio. Yes—a Brutal one—are these your Sentiments of Love, Sir ! Was it this you meant when you talk'd of Love ? When we grow Lovers do we degenerate into Brutes ? I thought there was a generous Passion of which a Beast cou'd have no more Sense than he has, of Music or Poetry. And to such Love you pretend, Sir.

Sur. I'll wheedle her.

So I do still, Madam, but why must I let a Boy entech me ? I have that musical, poetical, fantastical Love, you speak of, and a Pox on me for it ; you'll neither be my Slipper, nor my Shoe, my Wench to slip on and off at Pleasure, nor my Wife, that is a Whore buckled on.

Vio. You are charming in your Expressions.

Fa. Mr. *Surly*, Madam, is a mystical Piece, to be understood like a Prophecy, where Rams and He-Goats stand for Kings and Princes. Mr. *Surly's* rank Expressions must signify Virtue and Honour.

Vio. No, no, they signify his own filthy Meaning, and the Truth is, Love has no other Sense, in this corrupt Age. Now if a Woman, by Blushes or otherwise, confesses she thinks a Man a fine Gentleman, hey, to requite her, sends her presently a Libel call'd a *Billet-doux*, where

he in fine Words tells her to her Face, he thinks her a Wench, and invites her to lie with him. This ruins all Conversation, Men are always driving their brutal Appetites to the Plays, the Court, to Church, like Drovers their Beasts to every Market; and there's not conversing with 'em, unless you'll take their Cattle off their Hands.

Sur. Madam, I love you in your Fashion, admire you, adore you, and the Devil and all, what wou'd you have? — Now will this simple Jade believe me? [*Aside to Fa.*

Fa. He calls you simple Jade, Madam, and says you'll believe him.

Sur. You malapert Boy, why do you meddle in my Business?

Fa. 'Tis my Business; she's my Friend, and I won't see her abus'd.

Sur. A Friend to the Woman that loves your Enemy, Tom-Fool!

Fa. No, she hates him, and has quarrell'd with him, and I wou'd ha' had you step into his Room.

Sur. Oh! oh!

Fa. Now who's the Tom Fool?

Sur. I am: Look you, Madam, that Rogue Despair made me talk like an Ass, and I am sorry for it.

Fa. I know you are, Sir, I know your base Desire is, for your Punishment, confin'd to my Eyes, and I'll use you as you deserve.

Fa. Come, Madam, let me interpose; tho' you will not receive Mr. Surly as a half Horse, you may as a whole Ass, a Drudge, you know you have Business most agreeable to his Ill-nature, pray employ him.

Fa. Well, I'll make Trial of him, you pretend you love me generously.

Sur. Yes, and damnably.

Fa. Know then my Lord Bellguard is (as I have of late perceiv'd) sunk with the rest of the Age, into base Opinions of Love and Women, that I am angry I ever had a good Thought of him.

Sur. Good.

Fa. Look upon his Address to me, as an Affront you will revenge.

Sur. Better and better.

Fa. And you shall do it.

Sur. Best of all.

Fa. Do you know Sir Courtly Nice?

Sur. That you shou'd join Knowledge with such Fop ! 'Tis a Question to be put to a Boy ! I may know Philosophy, but to ask a Man if he knows a Horn Book ? For such a Thing is this Fop ; gilded on the outside, on the inside the Criss-Cross-Row, and always hanging at the Girdle of a Girl.

Vio. You have describ'd him right. This Fop is my Lord *Bellguard* entic'd to accept his Sister with a Fortune, but her Birth and Beauty. Now if you break the Match, you'll be to me the most amiable Creature in the World.

Sur. Or the most damnable, if you jilt me.

Vio. In earnest of a farther Favour here's my Hand.

Sur. There's the Devil in it. This is transforming my Shape, I am growing Woman's Ass; I feel the prick out o' my Skin already ; and I must hoof it away with her Load of Folly upon my Back, Well I am an Ass at present, but if thou jilt me, I will be thy Devil.

Vio. 'Tis the fittest Office for thee ; thou art told one already you may pass for Twins. Now Mr. *Sur* well let's go in and laugh.

SCENE, *Lord Bellguard's House.*

Enter Hot-head and Testimony.

Test. He shall not speak with her, I don't approve of it.

Hot. You approve, Sirrah ! what ha' you to do ?

Test. I have Authority.

Hot. You Authority !

Test. Yes, from my Lord.

Hot. You had it then out of his Kitchen, Sirrah ; the Beef o' the Nation breeds all the Maggots in the People's Heads. I am sometimes tempted to throw down the Porridge-pots, and spill the Divine Right of Prefatory. In short, my Lord is a Man of Honour, and you have belied him, Sirrah.

Test. It is well known I make a Conscience.

Hot. Ay, you Rogues making o' Conscience is a great Trade among your Party, and you deserve to lose your Ears for it.

Test. I mean I keep a Conscience.

Hot. Ye've Reason, Sirrah, it keeps you ; but an honest Lord shou'd give Money for a Rogue's Conscience. — Oons ! —

Test. Well, but don't swear.

Hot. Sirrah, who swears?

Test. D'ye hear, don't swear, I say.

Hot. Ooas! Sirrah, don't preach to me.

Test. Don't swear then.

Hot. Sirrah, if you preach to me, I'll cut your Pate.

Test. Had I a Sword 'twere more than you could do.

Hot. How now, Sirrah? [Takes Test. by the Throat.]

Test. Nay but don't throttle me, don't Godfrey me.

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. What's the Noise; what's the Rudeness, Cou-
sin Hot-head? You a Gentleman, and make a Bear-gar-
den of a Person of Honour's House?

Hot. Better make a Bear-garden of it than a Conven-
i-ade; here's a Fanatick Rogue ordain'd ruling Elder o'
th' Family by my Lord, as the Rogue says; so he under-
takes to govern and preach.

Aunt. And you undertake to govern and correct? Cou-
sin, no body governs here but I; if he had committed
faults, you should have brought him before me.

Hot. Oh! you'd have him enter'd into your Office!

Aunt. What do you mean? obscenely! you are con-
sident; you are the first Gentleman that offer'd to say a
santon thing to me

Hot. To your great Sorrow.

[Aside.]

Enter Leonora.

Leo. What's the Quarrel here?

Hot. There's a Taylor wou'd fain speak with you.

Leo. All this Noise to introduce a Taylor?

Hot. He can't get thro' this Fellow's narrow Con-
science; yet there's Room for a whole Commonwealth.

Aunt. Call in the Taylor; there must no Clothes be
made without my Orders, that I may see them modest.

Leo. A Taylor! I order'd no Taylor.

Enter Crack.

Aunt. How now, Sir! what are you?

Cr. A Taylor, Madam.

Aunt. Who sent you? I know not.

Cr. Your own Taylor, Mr. *Stitch*, Madam.

Aunt. How chanc'd he came not himself?

Cr. He's sick, Madam.

Aunt. And can you work well, for we are very hard to
use; there's scarce a Taylor in Town can make me
sore to see myself.

Leo. The Fault lies in——Fifty——

Cr. Indeed, Madam, I must needs say, my Countrymen are not the best Taylors in the World. This is a fine Nation, and all spoil'd by the Taylors. Heaven makes Women Angels, and Taylors make 'em Hodge-poles; 'tis a sad Sight to see 'em; now I'll make an Angel of a crooked-Pin.

Au. Where did you learn your Skill?

Cr. In *France*, Madam.

Test. In *France*? then, Friend, I believe you are a Papist.

Hot. Sirrah, I believe you are a Presbyterian.

Test. Friend, if you be a Papist, I'll ha' you before Justice.

Hot. Sirrah, if you be a Presbyterian, I'll kick you down Stairs.

Test. What are you, Friend?

Hot. Ay, what are you, Sirrah?

Cr. What am I? why, I'm a Taylor, I think the Men are mad.

Au. Intolerable; Mr *Testimony*, pray leave us; my Cousin *Hot head*, I shall desire the same of you, unless you'll behave yourself like a Gentleman.

Hot. I will behave myself like a Gentleman, for I know of my Lord when he comes Home, if he has given this Rogue Authority over me; if he has, I'll demand Satisfaction of him; if he be innocent, woe be to you Prick-ears, Sirrah. [Exit Hot]

Test. I fear you not.

Au. Mr. *Testimony*, I once more desire you'll give me Liberty.

Test. Yes, Forsooth, I dare trust the young Gentlewoman with you. Forsooth——you are a grave Gentlewoman, and in Years——Forsooth——

Au. In Years, rade Clown.——

Test. And truly she's a very sweet Woman, and deserves to have great Care taken of her.

Leo. Well, Sir, we'll excuse the Care at this Time.

Test. Pretty Woman.——

Leo. Pray leave us.——

Test. Sweet Woman——I profess she's strangely alluring, I had best retire, lest I fall into Frailty, and be discover'd. [Exit Test]

Cr. Now, Madam, before I take Measure of you

I'll shew you some Patterns——please you to look upon
some, Madam, you have Judgment—— [To the Aunt.

Au. Let me see.

Cr. To you, Madam, I wou'd recommend this Piece.

Leo. Mr Farewel's Picture! oh! I Sirrah? now I guess
thee—my Dear—Dear——

[Kisses the Picture.

Cr. Have a Care o'your Aunt, Madam——I have a
Letter too.——

Leo. Give it me——quick——quick——

Au. These are pretty Silks.

Cr. The best in France, Madam.

Where's my Sister?

[Bellguard within.

Leo. My Brother? I hope he does not know thee.

Cr. No, if he does, I'm a dead Man.

Leo. Hast thou no Disguise, for fear he should?

Cr. Only this great Pair of Spectacles.

Enter Lord Bellguard.

Bell. What Fellow's this?

Leo. A Taylor.

Bell. Not your Taylor?

Au. No, he's sick, and sent this Fellow in his Room.

Bell. How come's such a young Fellow to wear Spec-
tacles?

Cr. Young, my Lord? I'm above Five and Fifty.

Bell. Thou bear'st thy Age well.

Cr. Ay, every where but in my Eyes, I thank Heaven.

Bell. This Fellow may be a Bawd, for aught I know,
I watch him.

Aunt views the Patterns, Bellguard stands behind his
Sister, and watches Crack, Crack mean while puts
his Measure before, and delivers her a Letter.

Cr. Well, Madam, I perceive your Ladyship likes the
Pattern I shew'd you first.

Leo. I have seen the whole Piece.

Cr. And your Ladyship likes it?

Leo. Oh! very well.

Cr. I'll assure you, Madam, you'll like it mightily
when 'tis upon you, and you have a sweet Body, to work

I do not doubt, Madam, but to get a great deal
credit, and a great deal o'Custom, by you among
Ladies, as soon as ever they see my Works.

Leo. Well, let's see your Work, and I'll say something.

Cr. That you shall, and speedily, Madam. I'll bring
home as sweet a Piece o'Work as ever you had in your

You'll look upon the Pattern I shew'd you last.

Leo. Yes.

Cr. That's for the Inside ; do you like much Bombast Madam ?

Leo. No.

Cr. Well, Madam—I ha' taken a Survey o' your fine Body——now you shall be pleas'd according to your own Heart's Desire——your Servant, Madam— [Exit]

Bell. Well, Sister——prepare to receive a Visit from Sir Courtly Nice this Afternoon.

Au. Oh dear ! then I must dress. He's a great Critick. [Exit]

Leo. She designs him for herself ; wou'd she cou'd get him. [Exit]

Bell. Sir Courtly and I have agreed ; pray give him your Promise.

Leo. So soon ! 'twill be fulsome ; he's abominous.

Bell. Therefore take him whilst he has an Edge.

Leo. You us'd to despise Fools, how chance you marry amongst 'em ?

Bell. Because none but Fools will marry. Wits are but few, and commonly poor : Fools are numerous and rich. Fortune is as fond of those Bits of Men, as Bigotry of Reliques ; wraps 'em in Silver.

Leo. Better they were bury'd. A Fool in a Coach like a Knave in a Pillory, the Object of publick Derision.

Bell. Oh ! there are few to deride 'em, many to admire 'em ; so many, I have oft admired how one App

Should such Diseases in old Adam breed,

That from his Loins, not Men but Worms proceed.

[Exit omnes]

ACT III.

SCENE, Covent-Garden-Square.

Enter Farewell and Crack, meeting.

Fa. **O**H ! the News ! the News ! art thou an Angel or a Devil ? bring'st thou Joys or Torments ?

Cr. Joys ! Joys ! Joys !

Fa. Angel ! Angel ! Angel !

Cr. In the first Place I deliver'd your Picture.

Fa. Rare !

Cr. And she kissed it.

Fa. Kissed it !

Cr. Sweetly, wantonly, lasciviously. She fet me soon on Fire, I kiss'd all the Wenches as I came along, and made their moist Lips fiz again.

Fa. Oh! Rogue! Rogue! delicious Rogue!

Cr. Then I deliver'd the Letter, and before her Brother's Face.

Fa. Before his Face! ha! ha! ha!

Cr. Prepare this Night to be the happiest of Mortals. Give me some more Money.

Fa. Money! I'll sell my Land rather than thou shalt want. That one Inheritance will purchase me two, one in Love, and another in laughing at this Politick Brother.

Cr. No, no, Inheritances as for Laughing, I believe you will have an Annuity for Life; but for Love, you'll only have a Lease for three or four Years,

Fa. Pleasant Rogue! here's Money.

Cr. So, so, I wish you Joy, I wish you Joy. [Exit.

Fa. See Surly going to my Rival; my Affair thrives admirably. [Exit.

Enter Surly. *Knocks, enter a Servant.*

Sur. Is Nice within?

Ser. Nice, Sir?

Sur. Ay, Nice, Sir; is not your Master's Name Nice?

Ser. 'Tis Sir Courtly Nice.

Sur. Well, Sir, if I have a Mind to clip half his Name, 'tis not Treason, is it Sirrah?

Ser. I believe not, Sir.

Sur. Then get you in, and tell your Master I'd speak with him.

Ser. What sort o' domineering Man is this?

SCENE, a Chamber.

Courtly Nice dressing, Men and Women singing to him.

Sir Co. Very fine! extremely fine. Gentlemen and Ladies, will you do me the Favour to walk in, and accept of a small Collation? I'm in some Haste to dress on an extraordinary Occasion. You'll pardon me?—
A very humble Servant— [Exit Musick.

Sir. Very fine.

Sir Co. You Sot, 'twas barbarous.

Sir. Your Honour said 'twas very fine.

Sir Co. You Clown, don't you know what belongs to a Gentleman? Complaisance is the very Thing of a

Gentleman, the Thing that shews a Gentleman. Where ever I go, all the World cries that's a Gentleman, my Life on't, a Gentleman; and when ye've said a Gentleman, you have said all.

Ser. Is there nothing else belongs to a Gentleman?

Sir Co. Yes, *Bon Mien*, fine Hands, a Mouth well furnish'd—

Ser. With fine Language—

Sir Co. Fine Teeth, you Sot! fine Language belongs to Pedants and poor Fellows that live by their Wits. Men of Quality are above Wit; 'tis true, for our Direction sometimes we write, but we ne'er regard Wit. I write, but I never write any Wit.

Ser. How then?

Sir Co. I write like a Gentleman, soft and easy.

Ser. Does your Honour write any Plays?

Sir Co. No, that's Mechanic; I bestow some Curature on Plays, as a Song or Prologue.

Ser. Then your Honour is only a Haberdasher's small Wares?

Sir Co. A Haberdasher, you saucy Rascal!

Enter a Servant.

2 Ser. Here's one Mr. Surly to visit your Honour.

Sir Co. Surly, what the Devil brings him hither?

2 Ser. He has been walking about the Rooms this Quarter of an Hour, and wou'd not let me bring him in, till he had foul'd 'em all with his dirty Shoes.

Sir Co. A nauseous, beastly Sloven, Clown, Fool, Set.

Enter Surly.

Dear Mr. Surly, your most humble Servant.

[Sir Co. bows to receive him.]

Sur. What are you unbu—unbuckling my Shoe.

[Sur. is drunk, stammers, and belches.]

Sir Co. Dear Mr Surly—he stinks horribly—*[Aside]*

How came I to enjoy—a very Polecat—*[Aside]*

This great Happiness?—Pox! foh? you and I have been long *piquees*, and I'm amazed to see you a my *Levee*.*[Aside]*

Sur. I begin to think thou art a good honest Fellow and have a Mind we shou'd no longer be two Lo—Lo—Loggerheads, but one.

Sir Co. Dear Sir, you are always so diverting: Well Sir, shall I beg a Favour of you?

Sur. What's that?

Sir Co. Leave to dress before you, Sir, I am to meet some fine Women To-day, one presently.

Sir. Prithee dress and be damn'd——shall we dine together?

Sir Co. Yes, Sir, I suppose, and sup too——

Sir. That's kind; well, when?

Sir Co. About Five o'Clock, Sir.

Sir. Where?

Sir Co. In the King's Box, Sir.

Sir. Must you and I dine in the King's Box?

Sir Co. Oh! Dearest! I beg your Pardon Ten thousand Times; I thought you ask'd me where I should meet the Lady.

Sir. Pox o' the Lady; I ask where we shall dine?

Sir Co. Really, Sir, I don't know; I can't put my Head into one o' your beastly Eating-Houses, nor swallow the filthy Meat you eat there, if you would give me One hundred Pounds.

Sir. Filthy Meat, Sir! I eat as good Meat as you do.

Sir Co. Oh! dear Mr Surly, no doubt the Meat, in its own Nature, may be very innocent; but when once it has committed Familiarity with the beastly Fists of Cooks and Butchers, 'tis to me an unpardonable Sinner. My Butcher cuts up all his Meat with a Fork.

Sir. Does he cut up an Ox with a Fork?

Sir Co. Ay, and he cuts up an Ox as neatly as a Lady does a Partridge.

Sir. Well, then I'll accept o' thy Dinner.

Sir Co. Dear Sir, your most humble Servant: Pox on me (aside). I wish I be capable o' the great Happiness; for I came but last Night from my Country-house, and I question whether I have all Things in Order or no. Who's there? Are all Things brought from my Country-house?

Sir. No, Sir, your Butler has forgot your Salt.

Sir Co. Left my Salt, careless Rascal; let him take care immediately.

Sir. Sir, he's rid Post for it.

Sir. Rid Post for Salt! Whither?

Sir Co. To my Country-house.

Sir. How far's that off?

Sir Co. But a little Way, not above forty Miles.

Sir. Send forty Miles out o' London for Salt! Is there Salt enough in London for you?

Sir Co. Ay, Stuff palm'd by Butlers and Waiters, they take up the Wenches Coats, then handle the Salt.

Sur. Here's a Rogue———(*aside.*) Well, come let's drink a Glass o' Wine then.

Sir Co. Oh! dear Mr. Surly, if you name Wine you make me throw up my Soul; I have abhor'd Wine ever since I was in *France*, and saw what barbarous Education they gave that generous Creature. Duce take me Sir, if the Clowns don't press all the Grapes with their filthy naked Feet, Oh! beastly, nasty Dogs! no wonder we are poison'd with their Wine.

Sur. Prithee, what of that! the Wine purges before it comes over.

Sir Co. Oh! Lord, Mr Surly, what a Phrase is there! You'll pardon my Freedom, Sir?———

Sur. Most civil Coxcomb, (*aside.*) Well, what must you drink, for drink I must?

Sir Co. I have several Drinks of my own composing at your Service, as *Mead, Cyder, Ale*———

Sur. Ale, there's Sauce for a Woodcock; come let's taste a Bottle.

Sir Co. Fetch a Bottle. This Fellow will poison me———
[*aside.*]

Sur. Well, I come to request a Favour o' thee.

Sir Co. Your most humble Servant, Sir, how dy'st thou this Cravat?

Sur. What's that to my Business? I come to make Request to thee.

Sir Co. 'Tis well tied too with a great deal o' Humour.

Sur. A Pox on thee, mind me.

Sir Co. Your most humble Servant, Sir.

Sur. I am going to make Love.

Sir Co. Before you drink, Sir?

Sur. Before I drink, Sir———

Sir Co. Well, Sir, since you'll have it so, I'll wait on you down Stairs.

Sur. Is the Devil in the Fellow? I tell thee I am going to make Love.

Sir Co. Oh! Lord, Sir, I beg your Pardon a thousand Times.

Sur. And I come to beg thy Assistance.

Sir Co. Oh! dear Sir.

Sur. For thou hast the Knack on't; thou art the only Court Card Women love to play with; the very *Pam* *Lanterloo*; the Knave that picks up all.

Sir Co. Oh! Sir, you are so obliging;—and stinking—Pox take him—— [Aside.]

Sir. And 'tis a very pretty Woman I'm in Love with; my Lord Bellguard's Sister *Leonora*; thou know'st her.

Sir Co. The Rogue's my Rival, he was born for my Confusion (*aside*.) Ay, Sir, I have the Honour of some small Acquaintance there.

Sir. Prithee speak for me.

Sir Co. Oh! dear, Sir, you have a great Talent of your own.

Sir. But thine's a better. One Thing I am sure thou may'st do; there's an abominable Fop makes Love to her, and, I am told, is to marry her; prithee tell him, he's a Son of a Whore.

Sir Co. Really, Sir, I'm unfortunate; I ha' no Manner o' Genius to that Sort o' Conversation.

Sir. Say my Words. Tell him, if he proceeds, I'll not only libel him, but tweag him by the Nose, kick him, cudgel him, and run him thro' the Gut. Prithee tell him this.

[Hugs Sir Co.]

Sir Co. Oh! pray, Sir, give me Air.

Sir. Prithee do.

Sir Co. Sir, I am ready to——

Sir. And thou wilt tell the Puppy this?

Sir Co. I will upon my Soul.

Enter a Servant with Wine and Glasses.

Sir. Then thou art an honest Fellow——So, is the drink come? Fill a Glass. Why two Glasses? Do you think I cannot drink after your Master?

Sir Co. Pox o' your Compliment——

[Aside.]

[Sir. flings away a Glass.]

Sir. Here, *Nice*, my Mistress's Health.

Sir Co. What Misery is this Beast imposing on me! Coughs in the Glass too——

[Aside.]

Sir. Pox on't, a whole Gulp went the wrong Way; come, off with it, 'tis my Mistress's Health.

Sir Co. This Fellow's the Devil——

[Aside.]

Sir. Off with it, Man.

Sir Co. I never was so embarrass'd since I was born.

Sir. Oons! Off with it.

Sir Co. I must take the beastly Potion down, but I shall most horrible sick after it.——

[Drinks.]

Sir. So, now thou art an honest Fellow; now I'll

at thee.

Sir Co. The Devil thou wilt? More Miseries? *(aside)*
Nay, but Mr Surly.

Sur. I swear I will.

Sir Co. Nay, but you'll disorder me.

Sur. I swear I will.

Sir Co. But, Sir, I am going upon your Occasions to your Mistress.

Sur. Nay, then I'll give thee two Kisses, one for myself, and another for her.

Sir Co. Oh! Hell! *(aside)* Nay, but Mr Surly.

Sur. I swear I will. *[Kisses him and belches—]*

This Bottle Beer is damn'd windy—Well, honest Ned, farewell to thee. *[Exit.]*

Sir Co. Who's there? I'm sick to Death—to Death!—lead me in—get my Bed ready—and a Bath—and some Perfumes—I'm sick to Death—I'm dead. *[Exit.]*

SCENE, Lord Bellguard's House.

Enter Bell. with Farewel's Picture in his Hand.

Bell. Thou horrid Vision! Wou'd I had met with the worst Fiend in Hell rather than thee; in thee there is a Legion exciting me to Blood—Blood—Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Sir. My Lord——

Bell. My Coach——to Blood——Blood——

Enter Leonora and Aunt.

Leo. To Blood! What means my Brother?

Bell. Be gone!

Leo. To whom do you speak?

Au. Bless us; Nephew, what ails you?

Leo. Alas, my Lord, I fear you are a going to quarrel.

Bell. Yes, I'm going to punish one who violates my Father's, my Will, and calls my Mother Whore.

Leo. What execrable Wretch is that!

Bell. Thyself.

Leo. Me!

Bell. Yes, what dost thou else but proclaim our Mother false, when she conceived a Thing so opposite to all our Father's Race as thou art?

Leo. In what?

Bell. In Infamy; when was there a Spot in our Name, till Heaven for our Sins sent thee among us? And I am going to destroy thee in thy lewd Under.

Leo. I know of no Reproach in our Family but your Madnefs, destroy that. What are your Spies and Cox-combs, but so many Capital Letters, wherein you write over your Door, my Sister is a wanton Woman.

Bell. 'Tis Truth, you are not only a wanton, but a wicked Woman; not only intrigue, but with the Enemy of our Family, *Farewell*.

Au. How?

Leo. I am betray'd ———

[*Aside.*

Bell. Do you blush?

Leo. At your Folly.

Bell. Dare you deny it?

Leo. Who dare accuse me?

Bell. This Picture, which I found in your Chamber.

Au. Horrid Creature! ——— I shall swoon away.

Leo. How shall I bring off this? (*aside*) All this Noise for a Picture? If you had found a little human Effigies in Swaddling-clouts, there might ha' been some squalling.

Au. Do you laugh at your Shame?

Bell. She shall ha' no Cause.

Leo. Do kill me, before you know whether he's guilty or no.

Bell. I'll know it from himself; if he denies it, it will be some Revenge to make him stab his Soul with Lies; he shall swear not only that he never did, but never will and so much as an Imagination to you.

Leo. Do, if you wou'd force him hither; what Charm in a Man of Spirit like daring?

Bell. She speaks Sense in that.

[*Aside.*

Leo. If you wou'd be fighting, fight your own Jealousy, which abuses you worse than Mr. *Farewell* can do. My Honour protects you from him; but neither Wit or Honour can guard you from the rude Influence of your Jealousy, which is now sending you of an Errand a footman o' Spirit wou'd scorn, to proclaim the Dishonour of your own Sister. Fie! fie!

Bell. And so I must sit down tamely with this Abuse?

Leo. You are not abus'd, the Picture was found at Church.

Au. At Church? Do you intrigue at Church?

Bell. They do nothing else, the Church is almost as bad as the Porch.

Au. Nay, there's shameful Doings, that's the Truth; it provokes my Flesh to see how the young Men beg their Eyes about.

Leo. And not upon her———

Au. But 'tis no Marvel, when Women will encourage 'em. No Fellows dare gape upon me, because I never encourage Fellows. [Aside]

Leo. A Face of Fifty is small Encouragement. [Aside]

Bell. Nay, no Wonder the Devil's Cause thrives, he has a numerous Clergy ; Heaven has but one Minister in the Church. and whilst he is preaching Divinity, the Devil has a Thousand of both Sexes, by all the Oratory of Looks and Dresses, preaching Fornication and Adultery.

Au. Too true ; well she's certainly undone. I dare not examine her Breasts, if there shou'd be any Thing in 'em I shou'd die.

Leo. In my Breasts?

Au. Ay, Gentlewoman, do you think I regard your slim slim Story o' the Church ?

Leo. 'Tis not my Story, my Woman found it in *Wigminster-Abbey* at Payers, and I knowing what Work wou'd be made with it, commanded her to burn it, and she has dar'd to disobey me.

Wom. Indeed Madam, I thought to have presented it to a Friend o' mine, and laying it out o' my Hand unfortunately in your Honour's Chamber, my Lord found it.

Bell. Oh ! how nimble she takes the Lie at the first Rebound ?

Au. Out upon you, I'm extreme sick—lead' me in—not you—you are not fit to touch a Woman o' my Virtue. These Things have strange Impressions upon me.—— [Exit]

Leo. That you don't share in them—— [Aside]

Bell. Pray, Sister, go out of my Sight, you are a Horror to me.

Leo. Your own Dreams are. Ye are as mad as a Prophet ; you have always before your Eyes a Vision of Hons and Whores.

Bell. All this goes upon the Score of *Farewell's* Heart Flood if he be guilty ; I'll make Enquiry presently, and search at what Gap this Treachery entered.

Leo. Oh ! unfortunate Negligence ! (aside). [Exit]

Enter Hot-head.

Bel. Who's there, Cousin Hot-head, Testimony !

Hot. Oh ! are you here ?

Bell. Ay, to your Sorrow, if you have play'd me false.

Hot. You ha' serv'd me finely.

Bell. Do you first complain?

Hot. Coupled me with a Dog.

Bell. But you ha' coupled my Sister, Sir.

Hot. With a Fanatick Rogue.

Bell. No—with a finer Gentleman. Who brought this Picture?

Hot. The common Fire-fork of Rebellion.

Bell. A Fire-fork—Fork me no Forks—Who brought this Picture?

Hot. The rotten Rump shou'd ha' been burnt—when it was only roasted.

Bell. The rotten Rump—Answer me, or I'll fight thee.

Hot. Answer you what?

Bell. Who brought this Picture? I found it in my Sister's Chamber.

Hot. Then your Fanatick Rogue convey'd it thither to make me suspected, out of his Malice to the Common Prayer; I'll cut the Rogue to Pieces.

Enter Testimony with a great Sword by his Side.

Bell. Testimony.

Test. I am here.

Bell. How now, sworded!

Test. To preserve my Life; my Life's threatened by a bloody Papist.

Hot. How, Sirrah, dare you think of fighting me?

Test. Yes, and hope to do it thro' Providence.

Bell. Drawing before me.

[Hot. and Test. offer to draw.]

Hot. Will you protect a Fanatick? I see what you are.

Well, Sirrah, tho' I may not cut your Throat, I'll ask you, Sirrah.

Test. D'ye hear the bloody Papist? he'll throttle me.

Hot. Sirrah, I'll cram the Oaths of Allegiance and Subornacy into you, and they'll stick in your Throat, tho' a Lion won't, and so I'll to a Justice presently. *[Exit.]*

Bell. And slay with him, and never plague me more. Now, Sir, do you resolve my Question.

Test. I do resolve I will not take the Oaths.

Bell. I do not ask you about the Oaths.

Test. Why, if you ask me Ten thousand Times, I will not take the Oaths.

Bell. Did ever one see such a Coxcomb?

Test. Call me what you please, I will not take the Oaths—So do your worst. *[Exit.]*

Bell. A fine Account of my Business.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, a Gentleman desires to speak with your Honour.

Bell. I'm not to be spoke with, I'm abroad———
Soul is—in the Heart of *Farewell*, ripping it up for the Secret. What Gentleman?

Ser. One from th' *East-Indies*, my Lord, he brings a Letter from your Uncle *Rich.*

Bell. He comes in a Storm; he will find worse Weather here than any he met at Sea. But I'll endeavour to compose myself———admit him.———

Enter a Man dress'd like a Merchant.

Man. My Lord, your Lordship's most humble Servant. I perceive your Lordship has forgot me; you will know me better when I acquaint you who I am. My Father had the Honour of being a Retainer to your Lordship's Father of honourable Memory, and sent me some Years since to the *East-Indies*, in the Service of your noble Uncle, Mr *Rich.* My Name is *Waytevel.*

Bell. Oh! Mr *Waytevel*, I am glad to see you; truly you are so chang'd, if you had not told me who you were I shou'd never ha' known you.

Man. I believe so, my Lord—for I'm sure you never saw my Face before, but the Picture of it you have———for *Waytevel* was my Picture. (*aside*) Time and Travels will alter a Man, but truly I have lost nothing by my Travels but my Countenance, and in the Room have gotten what's better, a convenient small Competency of some Seven or Eight Thousand Pounds, Heaven and your Uncle's Love be praised. I have brought your Lordship some Letters from your noble Uncle, and a small Present of some three score thousand Pounds.

Bell. How!

Man. Only the Trouble of it, my Lord. Your Uncle contracted in th' *Indies* an intimate Friendship with Sir *Nicholas Calico*, President for the *East-India* Company. Sir *Nicholas* died, and left most Part of his Estate (which was near a hundred thousand Pounds) to his only Son Sir *Thomas*. But poor Sir *Thomas* happen'd in his Father's Life-time to fall into a Distemper which gave him a scurvy Flaw in his Brain, that Sir *Nicholas* left him and all his Estate to your Uncle's Guardianship. Now your noble Uncle perceiving his Affairs like to detain him

many Years in th' *Indies*, and fearing if he shou'd die, poor Sir *Thomas* might be cheated of all, he has, like a worthy and honest Gentleman, sent Sir *Thomas* and all his Estate to your Lordship's Care, as these Letters will testify. I suppose your Lordship is well acquainted with your Uncle's Hand and Seal.

Bel. I am, and this is his Hand and Seal; reads—um—um—um—to preserve him from being cheated here, or beggar'd in *England*, I take the Boldness to recommend him to the Care of so noble a Person as your Lordship—um—um—um—Well, Sir, the Letter expresses what you told me—Where is the Gentleman?

Man. I brought him along with me, he's in the next Room, my Lord. Poor Gentleman, he has the oddest Phrases and Ways with him; he will needs be attended like a great *Indian Mandarin*, or Lord, and has brought with him several *Siamites* and *Bantamers*; that serve him as his Slaves, in the ridiculous Dresses and Modes of their own Countries; we had such a gaping Rabble after us as we came along.

Bel. Pray call him in, I long to see him.——

Man. —Sir *Thomas*—pray come to my Lord.

Enter Crack ridiculously dress'd, attended by Men in the Habits of Siamites and Bantamers.

Cr. Which is the Peer?

Man. This is my Lord.

Cr. Great Peer, your extreme humble Servant.

Bel. Your Servant, Sir, you are recommended to me by my Uncle.

Cr. I know it my Lord, and am most incomparably oblig'd to him—he is a Person, my Lord, that, as to the Altitudes of Friendship, and the most glorious Circumstances of a singular Person is not to be cast up by the Logarithms of Oratory, nor his Latitude to be taken by the Quadrangle of Circumlocution.

Bel. So—I find I shall ha' Store o' Nonsense.

Cr. My Lord, I'm a Person that, as to the Circumstances of Money, am not indifferently contemptible; and as to the Circumstances of Honour, I am by Profession a Merchant, by Generation a Knight; Sir *Nicholas* also, applying his Person to my Mother, was the Auditor, Sir, your humble Servant.

Bel. So the Letter says.

Cr. The Letter contains Verity;

Bell. Pox, I shall be teaz'd.

Cr. One Thing more, Sir; I'm a Person that, against your Understanding, am under the Circumstances of Witchcraft; I lov'd in th' *Indies* a fair Christian Curiosity, and a nauseous *Indian* Baggage had a Mind to apply to my Person her tawny Circumstances; and finding she cou'd not obtain her Ambition, applies herself to an *Indian* Bawd, and bewitches me.

Bell. Phaw! Bewitch! What Stuff's here? [*Aside*]

Cr. Bewitches me, Sir; what follows thereupon? Loathing in me of Females? I abhor Women, fall into Agonies when I see Women. Pray let me see no Women.

Bell. You shall not, Sir.

Cr. Pray, my Lord, no Women.

Bell. I'll warrant you, Sir.

Cr. But as much at Supper as you please, my Lord.

Bell. You shall, Sir.

Cr. Your are highly civiliz'd.

Man. I told your Honour he had such odd Ways. Well, my Lord, as soon as the Ship is come up the River, which will be in few Days, I'll bring the Captain to wait upon your Lordship, with the Account of *St. Thomas's* Estate aboard, which will amount to some thousand Pounds, besides ten thousand Pounds he has brought ashore in rough Diamonds; so, my Lord, your very humble Servant; *Sir Thomas*, your Servant, leave you in good Hands.

Cr. Your Servant, Sir.

Bell. I'll order Things for you. I must dispose of this Man quickly, for I'm horribly weary of him, and am impatient to go about my Affairs.

Leo. 'Tis he—I'm sure 'tis he—

Bell. How now, Sister? What's your Business here?

Leo. Staring at this strange Sort o' Man.

Bell. You were no Woman else—pray get from hence speedily.

Leo. You are not jealous of a mad Man sure? He is mad, is he not?

Bell. Yes, and impertinently brings me Vexation from the *Indies*, at a Time when I've enough at Home as every Man has that keeps a Woman. Pray get from him, he hates to see Women.

Leo. Hates to see Women? Ha! ha! Sir *Thomas Calico*, your humble Servant, you are welcome from

Indies; but have a Care of being discover'd, lest you be under the Circumstances of a Cudgel.

Cr. Truly, Madam, I expect to have something stick by my Ribs presently, that is to say, a good Supper, which I have order'd; my Lord and I will sup together, and you and Mr. Farewell.

Leo. We sup together! Where? In the Grave! A fatal Accident has happened will bring us both thither, my Brother has found Mr. Farewell's Picture in my Chamber.

Cr. He shall not keep it, he shall deliver both Picture and Jealousy.

Leo. Then thou art a Master. I told him my Woman found it in *Westminster Abbey*, may be thou may'st make something out o' that.

Cr. Stay, let me consider, *Westminster Abbey*, or the Abbey of *Westminster*—um—um—let me alone—be gone—he comes.

[Exit Leo.]

Enter Lord Bellguard.

Bell. Come, Sir, let me wait on you to your Chamber.

Cr. Hold, my Lord, a Word; I have Business of great Consequence; I must humbly apply to your Understanding.

Bell. So I must be hindered with more Nonsense.

[Aside.]

Cr. I've in the *Indies* a delicate Piece of my Father's, I beg your Lordship to advise me in the Disposal.

Bell. Oh! dispose of it how you please, Sir.

Cr. 'Tis a Sister I mean, Sir.

Bell. Oh! that's something.

Cr. She's sweet and slender as a Clove, and is worth Millions o' Coxcombs—three hundred of 'em comes three Farthings, 'tis a *Chinese Money*; this Money makes her much sought in Marriage; the great *Hobnoses* o' the *Indies* come galloping upon Elephants, Antels, Rhinoceros's, and Oxen to see her. Now my Father was under Circumstances of great Obligation to a Gentleman in *England*, and out o' Gratitude to him, I'd me on his Death-bed to bestow my Sister on his Heir, if his Actions have any Sort o' Simile in to his incomparable Father, which is the Query. I resolve it.

Bell. First let me know the Gentleman.

Cr. You shall, I'll give you a Map of his Face, a

Picture contain'd in my Pocket——Ha ! I ha' lost it,——
ha' lost it——

Bell. Tell me his Name, Sir.

Cr. I ha' dropt it out of my Pocket.

Bell. I, but his Name.

Cr. I ha' dropt it out o' my Pocket.

Bell. Ha' you dropt his Name out o' your Pocket?
His Name, Sir.

Cr. Oh ! his Name, I'll tell you both his Name and
Cognome ; his Name is *Andrew*, his Cognome *Farewell*.

Bell. Farewell ! What comes into my Head ! Sir
can't you guess where you might lose this Picture ?

Cr. A Guess may be obtain'd——by the Prayers of
Mariners——

Bell. No other Way ? those I seldom hear of——

Cr. ——I was drawn down——stay, let me see——
Remembrance begins to be idle——Has *London* no Place
in the West ?

Bell. Ay, no Doubt.

Cr. Ay, but something very West ? something call'd
West ?

Bell. Yes——there's *West Smithfield*.

Cr. That's not the Appellative. Is there no Monster
in the West call'd *Westmonster* ?

Bell. *Westminster*, I believe you mean.

Cr. Ye've nick'd it ; to *Westminster* I rode, to be-
hold the glorious Circumstances o' the Dead ; and draw-
ing into my Pocket, to present the Representier with a
Gratification, I am fully confirm'd I then lost it ; for my
Eyes and the Picture had never any Rencontre since.

Bell. This exactly agrees with my Sister's Story ; what
a prodigious Thing is this ! A Discovery o' my Sister's
Innocence sent to me from th' *Indies* in a Heap o' News
sense, and in so critical a Minute : excellent Provi-
dence !

Cr. What's an excellent Providence, Sir, that I ha'
lost my Picture !

Bell. No, Sir, that I ha' found your Picture.

Cr. Found my Picture !

Bell. Ay, Sir, 'twas found by a Friend o' mine at
Westminster Abbey——there it is.

Cr. Oh ! my Picture !——my Picture !——my Picture !

Bell. Oh ! my eas'd Heart !

Gr. Oh! my Picture!—my Picture! my pretty Picture!

My Lord, I must requite this Favour, open that Casket, and give my Lord a Handful of Diamonds.

Bell. A Handful of Diamonds?

Gr. Ay, my Lord, I beg your Pardon for the Inconsiderableness o' the Present.

Bell. Inconsiderableness! What a Market would make o' this Man?—Put up your Diamonds.

Gr. By no Means, my Lord.

Bell. Put 'em up, Sir, or you'll disoblige me.

Gr. You overwhelm me with Favours, I wish I had you at my House in *Bantam*.

Bell. I thank you, Sir, we are better where we are.

Gr. My Lord, you put me under the Circumstance o' nothing.

Bell. Pray let me put you into a Chamber to rest yourself.

Gr. Rest is good—your's humbly—

Bell. Your's as humbly—What a Fire did I kindle in my House, to clear the Air of a Pestilence that was in it! My Sister and Family are innocent. But what a fantastick Thing is Woman's Honour!

Whilst she enjoys it 'tis not seen or known,

And yet when lost she's utterly undone.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT IV.

The SCENE continues.

Enter Violante and Leonora laughing.

HA! ha! ha! what an excellent Fellow is this! what Engines he has in his Head, not only wind himself into my Lord's House, but the Picture out of his Hands.

Leo. He undertakes to bring Mr. Farewell hither to night; if he engag'd to bring him in a Church with a motion to marry us, I wou'd not doubt it.

Vio. Certainly my Lord must be in a most mortify'd humour; now is the Time to scarify him, and take out the Worm.

Leo. Here he comes, now will I carry myself with all Insolence of a virtuous Woman.

Enter Lord Bellguard.

So, my Lord ; have your Slaves been gathering more scatter'd Smiles o' mine ? What Lands o' the Gold-Sand have your Asses brought Home ?

Bell. They have heard all, now I am ashamed to shew my Face.

Vio. Come, my Lord, wou'd you confine a Woman of Honour, give her Liberty : Wou'd you corrupt her, confine her.

Leo. 'Tis true, were I a Wife to such a Man, I should abuse him out o' Pride, and think myself not an ill, but a great Woman, since to punish is a Mark of princely Dignity.

Bell. This I confess is the *English* Dialect, and when I talk of governing Women, I talk of a Thing not understood by our Nation. I admire how it came about that we, who are of all Nations the most wise and free in other Respects, should be the only Slaves and Foolish Women.

Vio. Oh ! you're the wisest of all Nations : you know let Men do what they can, Women will do what they please ; and whereas other Nations by their Spies and Governantes are at great Toil and Charges to be Cuckolds, you have it for nothing.

Leo. Come, Brother, do not dress me in a Fool's Coat, nor hang Spies about me like so many jingling Bells, to give Notice of all my Motions ; I can conceal and know that one and one put shamefully together, are two lewd Fools, and not one happy Pair, as ill Women reckon and deceive themselves.

Bell. Sister, I believe you virtuous, but I wou'd have you not only be virtuous but thought so ; and truly a Woman may be virtuous, but is seldom wise in Men's Company ; her vain Honour will put her on new Conquests, and Womens Conquests are pretty Things, though often end like those of Highwaymen, in a shameful Execution on their own Persons, and yet all the Business of their Lives is mustering up Forces ; to-day the Beauty lies ambush'd in Undresses, the Hair pinn'd up in Paper like Serpents coil'd, to fly on you with greater Force ; the Garments are loose, and flowing as the Sea, to show a *Venus* is there ; to-morrow she's as regularly fortified as a Low-Country Town, and oft a Party of charming

Looks are sent abroad, to put all Spectators under a Contribution.

Vio. Your Wife must not dress.

Bell. Why shou'd she ? I think Womens Points and Embroideries but so many *Billet-doux* in Needle-work.

Vio. She must not go abroad, or see a Play.

Bell. Yes, she may go to Plays, provided she'll see Plays and not Fools, it may be enter into Conversation with 'em, and instead of getting Wit from the Plays, get Folly from the Fops, and so her Wit being spoil'd in her Youth, shall, like a Clock set wrong in the Morning, go false all the Day after ; in short, no Wife or Sister of mine shall dabble in Conversation with any Man : I am a Slattern in her Credit.

[Enter Surly peeping.

Sur. I'm my Conscience I think I hear *Bellguard* and his Mistress's quarrel in good earnest.

[Aside.

Vio. Let no Woman marry a Man o' your Humour, like that for her Crimes is condemn'd to Transportation ; the Slave that in *Virginia* toils to plant her Lord's tobacco, is not more miserable than she that in your soft labours to plant a good Opinion, both drudge for smoke, I scorn the Slavery, nor will marry a King to increase his Dominions, but to share 'em.

Bell. I offer you the entire Dominion o' myself, only are you not to aim at further Conquests.

Vio. I shou'd be a fine Sovereign where Jealousy, Pride, Rage, and such a saucy Committee shall give me Laws ! which they wou'd never do to a Prince they lov'd.

Bell. I think I've given convincing Proofs of Love.

Vio. When ?

Bell. When I offer'd, Madam, to take you for better or for worse ; those are heroical Compliments ; the term of Matrimony out-does *Ovid* for passionate Expressions.

Vio. Ay, my Lord, but that's none o' your Wit, and you'd not have a Man o' your Parts steal other Mens wifes ; so your Lordship's humble Servant—Come my Child.

[Ex. *Vio.* and *Leo.*

Enter *Surly*.

Sur. Rare ! they're parted ; once a Woman spoke to My Lord, your Servant, I've overheard your quarrel, and I honour you, you are the only Man in the town that understands himself. Lock up the Women

till they're musty, better they should have a Hogg, to their Reputations. And their Honours are not like the Smocks, whitened by lying abroad.

Bell. Nor have their ador'd Faces the more Effect for often appearing.

Sur. Pox on 'em, they tarnish like Copper, and Women are sensible of it, that's the Reason they turn new Faces every Time they go abroad; and all the Art of Paint and Dress are suborn'd to give a Bastard beauty Title to reign, because the legitimate Face is fallen in Contempt by Familiarity. No more to be said, but your Ground like a Man of Honour; and lose your self like a Coxcomb.

(*Aside*) [E]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. An't please your Honour, Mr *Hot-head* and *Testimony* are return'd, as your Honour gave Order.

Enter Testimony.

Bell. That's well—come Mr *Testimony*; here has been a Mistake gave me a harsh Opinion of you—I'm sorry for

Test. Oh! My Lord have a Care of censuring Professors—for a Professor——

Bell. Nay, prithee don't profess too much; I am satisfied with thee.

Test. Truly you would, if you knew what a tender Spirit I am of. I was only deluded the other Day into a Playhouse, and truly it will be a Burden to my Spirit while I live.

Bell. Alack-a-day, well I hope you'll be the more tender of my Sister, your Trouble will not be long; you have engag'd her to a Gentleman, whom about this Time I expect. What a Clock is it?

Test. Truly, I do believe it is about Four, I cannot say it positively; for I would not tell a Lie for the whole World.

Bell. This is an excellent Fellow, if he be what he pretends.

[*Knock*]

Hark! some one at the Door—may be 'tis he—see

Enter Hot-head.

Hot. Did you send for me, my Lord?

Bell. Ay, Cousin, to reconcile myself to thee, I was in a Mistake.

Hot. I think you was, when you judg'd a rascally *Hot-head* a better Man than I.

Bell. The contrary, Cousin,——I think thee some

the better Man, I keep thee to have an Eye over him, because I don't know if he be a Knave.

Hot. Not know if a *Fanatick* be a Knave? You're fit to sit in the House o' Peers, i'faith.

Bill. Well, thou art a very honest Fellow, Cousin—let me have thy Company. But what are those Patches on thy Face, for Ornament?

Hot. They are for a Plaister, but they are Ornaments. I have been in a *Fanatick* Coffee-House, and this is the beauty they gave me.

Bill. 'Twas to reward some honourable Names thou putt them.

Hot. I gave 'em no wrong Names. I call'd 'em Rogues indeed, but that's their proper Name; and they set their Hands to it immediately, and subscribed themselves Rogues upon my Chops, the only true Narrative they ever writ.

Bill. Thou art a mad Fellow——prithee go in.

Exit Hot. at one Door. Enter at another Testimony.

Bill. Well——who's at the Door?

Test. A lamentable Soul.

Bill. A Beggar?

Test. A more sad Object; but I conceive he comes here to rob than to beg, for he comes arm'd with a Bow and Arrows.

Bill. A Bow and Arrows? What, is he a *Tartar*?

Test. A Bow and Arrows made of Ribbons, Laces, and other idle Vanities, wherewith he intends to wound his Sister's Heart.

Bill. Oh! the canting Coxcomb.

Test. Nay, why canting Coxcomb?

Bill. Be gone you senseless Afs; and bring in the gentleman.

Test. Nay, why senseless Afs? this is unseemly.

Bill. He wont stir.

Test. I am no senseless Person——I ha' more Senses in yourself; I have a Sense o' Vanity, and of the No-gness o' the Things of this World——and a Sense o' and a Sense o' the insinuating Nature o' Sin——I will not bring this wanton frothy young Man to your door——for she's frothy also——and Sin will get in at the Cranny——and if Sin once get in his Head, he'll fill all his whole Body. Now your Honour has not

that Sense o' these Things; you ought to have the
your Honour is a senseless Person——

Bell. ——How Sirrah!——

Test. In a spiritual Sense——

Bell. There's no getting this preaching Fellow and
——Cousin Hot-head.

Enter Hot-head.

Hot. My Lord!

Bell. Why do you let this canting Coxcomb plague

Hot. Why do you keep such a canting Coxcomb? I
him plague you, pox you, and damn you, I don't care.

Test. Oh! sad! oh! sad!

Hot. Oh! shad! oh! Sot!

Bell. So, now I've brought both upon me.

Hot. He's always tuning his Nose, too high, too low
like a Sowgelder's Horn.

Bell. Well, Sir, if you please tell me who's at my
Door?

Hot. Forty-one is coming in ding-dong.

Bell. Into my Door! Who's at my Door, I say?

Hot. Old Forty-one, i' faith.

Bell. I cannot have an Answer——Sirrah——Who's
at my Door?

Test. Popery I'm sure is coming in.

Bell. Into my Door! I ask you who's at my Door?

Test. Popery I'm sure.

Hot. Roguery I'm sure.

Test. Popery I'm sure.

Hot. Roguery I'm sure.

Bell. Confound you both.

Hot. And confound you both. [*Bell. turns them both out.*]

Bell. You Boy, is there any one at the Door?

[*To a Page.*]

Pa. Yes, my Lord.

Bell. So, this Boy can answer. Who is it?

Pa. Sir Courtly Nice, my Lord.

Bell. O! these Rogues, have they made him wait
this while? introduce him quickly; he comes most season-
ably to rid me of my Plague, now I'm very sick of it.

Enter Sir Courtly and the Page, bowing to one another.

Dear Sir Courtly, my Servants did not tell me
you were, that I have ignorantly made you wait, I
asham'd to see you.

Sir Co. Your Lordship's most humble Servant.

Or, It cannot Be.

49

Bell. Your very humble Servant—Page, call my Sister.

Enter Aunt and Leonora.

Sir Co. Madam, your most——

[Goes to salute Leo. Aunt steps first.]

Sir. Co. Oh! your Ladyship's very humble Servant—

[Salutes Aunt.]

A. Your most humble Servant.

Sir Co. Now, Madam, your most humble Servant.

[To Leo.]

A. An incomparable fine Gentleman.

Bell. Well, *Sir Courtly*, now I've brought you thus to your Way to my Sister's Inclinations, I'll leave you to pursue the rest o' your Journey by yourself; you need no Guide to Ladies Hearts.

Sir Co. Oh! your most humble Servant.

A. No, *Sir Courtly* commands all. If my Niece does receive you, *Sir Courtly*, in all the obliging Manner the World, 'tis for Want of Experience and understanding Merit—I'll assure you, *Sir Courtly*, I, who have some little more Judgment, have had a particular place for you, *Sir*, from the first Minute I had the Honour to see you, *Sir*.

Sir Co. Oh Madam, your most humble Servant.

A. A very particular——

Sir Co. Oh! your most humble Servant.

A. And if my Niece has not, it proceeds from her want of Years to know Desert; and, indeed; all Youth is indiscreet; I would by no Means advise a Gentleman of Merit to marry any Person that has not some Years of Experience upon her——

Bell. She's setting up for herself, I think. Aunt——

A. Nephew——

Bell. Pray leave the Lovers together.

A. *Sir Courtly*, your most humble Servant.

Sir Co. Madam, your most humble Servant.

A. Pray, Niece, behave yourself to *Sir Courtly*, as best to do me right; that by all your Expressions and Behaviour, he may know how very particular an Honour I have for him.

Bell. She has for him!——

[Aside.]

A. Most particular——

Bell. Pray Aunt in particular—come with me——

A. Very particular——

Sir Co. Oh!——Madam——

Bell. Aunt——

Au. Yes, Nephew——*Sir Courtly*, I am exceedingly unwilling to leave you to the Conversation of a young Lady, whose Years, I'm afraid, will not afford her Wit enough to entertain so fine a Gentleman——

Sir Co. Oh! Madam! Madam! Madam!

Au. But I'll return with all Speed possible.——

Bell. But you shall not, if I can help it.—— [*Exit Bell.*]

Au. And so your very humble Servant.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam! your humble Servant.

[*Exit Aunt and Bell.*]

Leo. Now will I manage him, humour him——pretend to admire him——to draw him into Love, laugh at him and revenge myself on him, for plaguing me.

Sir Co. Now, Madam, is the glorious Opportunity come, which my Soul has long wish'd to express how much I admire, adore——

Leo. Oh! *Sir Courtly*——

Sir Co. Extravagantly adore!

Leo. Oh! *Sir Courtly*——I cannot receive all this.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam, if there's any Thing on this Earth so charming!——I never saw any Thing so fine as your Ladyship since I was born.

Leo. Fie, *Sir Courtly*——

Sir Co. Never since I was born——

Leo. You'll kill me with blushing.

Sir Co. I speak my Soul——Heavens! what divine Teeth there are!

Leo. Fie! fie! I shall never open my Mouth more.

Sir Co. Then you'll undo all the World. Oh! there's nothing so charming as admirable Teeth. If a Lady fastens upon my Heart, it must be with her Teeth.

Leo. That's a pleasant Raillery——ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

[*Feigns a foolish Laugh.*]

Sir Co. Oh Madam, I hope your Ladyship has a better Opinion o' my good Manners——Rally a Lady o' your Quality!

Leo. Oh! you Wits turn all Things into Ridicule.

Sir Co. Madam, I never was so serious since I was born; therefore I beseech your Ladyship have Pity upon me—I swear and vow, if you do not, I shall die.

Leo. Die! ha! ha! you Wits will be rallying.

Sir Co. Heavens, Madam! how shall I convince you I am serious?

Leo. Really, Sir *Courtly*, I shou'd be very sorry if you be serious.

Sir Co. Oh! Heavens! why so, Madam?

Leo. Because 'tis Pity so fine a Gentleman should lose all his Gallantry.

Sir Co. Now you frighten me, Madam. Is it impossible for me to attain the Glory of your Inclinations?

Leo. It will be impossible for me to keep the Glory of your Inclinations, Sir *Courtly*: so I dare not venture on 'em.

Sir Co. Oh! as to that, Madam, I'll swear eternal Constancy, eternal Services, and all those Things.

Leo. You are not in your own Power, Sir *Courtly*: you fine Gentlemen, like fine Countries, are desir'd and fought by all, and therefore in a perpetual War; if I should place my Heart on you, it would not have a Minute's Quiet; a thousand potent Beauties would every Day assault you, and you'd yield a Complaisance, your good Breeding would undo me.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam, this is Extremity o' Gallantry; your Ladyship pushes Things to a strange Height.

Leo. I speak my Soul. Besides I've another Humour, but that is, a *Foibles* will ridicule me.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam.

Leo. Nay, I'll confess it; I am strangely curious——extravagantly curious—I nauseate a Perfume, if it ever smelt any Nose but my own.

Sir Co. Oh! fortunate! my own Humour.

Leo. Nothing must come near me that ever was touch'd by another.

Sir Co. Is it possible!

Leo. Not if you give a hundred Pounds.

Sir Co. My own Phrase too, I've observ'd it in myself; so strangely fortunate—we shall be fond to an infinite Degree.

[*Aside.*

Leo. For that Reason your fine Gentleman is my Version; he's so tempted by all Ladies, so complaisant to all Ladies, that to marry a fine Gentleman is to accept the Leavings of a thousand Ladies.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam! you ha' met with the Creature you desire—I never touch'd a Woman since I was born.

Leo. That's pleasant; I believe you have ruin'd a thousand.

Sir Co. Not one, upon my Soul.

Leo. 'Tis impossible.

Sir Co. Oh ! Madam, there's not one Lady in a thousand I can salute, I only touch the Tip o' their Ear with my Cheek.

Leo. Fie ! fie !

Sir Co. Not one Lady in a Million whose Breath I can endure ; but I could not go into their Beds if you'd give me a thousand Pound ; I could not come into the Air of any Bed in *England* but my own, or your Ladyship's, if you'd give all the World.

Leo. This is all Gallantry, Sir Courtly. You have been told this is my Humour.

Sir Co. Is it really, Madam ?

Leo. Oh ! above all Things I suffer nothing to come near my Bed but my Gentlewoman.

Sir Co. Nor I, but my Gentleman ; he has a delicate Hand at making a Bed ; he was my Page, I bred him up to it.

Leo. To make Beds ?

Sir Co. Ay, Madam ; and I believe he'll make a Bed with any Gentleman in *England*.

Leo. And my Woman has a great Talent.

Sir Co. Is it possible ! Ladies commonly employ ordinary Chambermaids——with filthy Aprons on, made by fluttish Women that spit as they——spin——foh !

Leo. Foh !

Sir Co. Your Ladyship will pardon me——my Linen all made in *Holland*, by neat Women, that dip their Fingers in Rose water, at my Charge.

Leo. Delicate.

Sir Co. And all wash'd there.

Leo. And so is mine at *Harlem*.

Sir Co. At *Harlem* ? I hold a constant Correspondence with all the eminent Washers there.

Leo. That's delicate, and agrees wonderfully with my Humour.

Sir Co. Oh ! happy ! we shall be fond to an infinite Degree.

Enter Surly.

Leo. Oh ! foh ! here's that beastly rude Clown, *Surly*.

Sir Co. Oh ! foh ! what shall we do with him ?

Sur. How now ? how now ? you two are too intimate——bark you, Madam.

Leo. Oh ! foh !

Sir Co. Foh!

Sur. Foh! what's this fohing at?

Sir Co. No-body, Mr *Surly*, only at present we are
assaulted with an ungrateful Smell.

Sur. Yes, I smell an ungrateful Smell, your Roguery,
Madam; I employ'd this Fellow to speak for me, and
I'll be hang'd if he be not false to me.

Leo. To speak for him? ha! ha!

Sir Co. Ay, for him, Madam, ha! ha!

Sur. Ay, for me, Ninkumpoop.

Sir Co. Your humble Servant, Sir, y'are very civil.

Sur. So I am, that I do not execute thee for this
Thrust-upon this Place; but thou plead'st thy Face, as
Whores do their Bellies; 'tis big with Fool.

Sir Co. Very civil——Sir.

Sur. Sure, Madam, a Woman o' your Sense will not
chuse him before me. He has more Land; not more
improv'd Land! his Acres run up to one great Weed,
I mean himself; and there it blossoms in Periwigs and
Ribbons. Oh but he has a finer Person! that's a Cheat.
A false Creed impos'd on you, by a General Council of
Tailors, Milliners, and Semstresses; let my Hat expound
his Face, and you'll see what a Piece o' simple Stuff it is.

Sir Co. Horrid! he has put his beastly Hat upon my
Head——pray, Sir, do me the Favour to remove it, or
I shall grow very sick——

[To a Servant.

Sur. Sick! I hope thou wilt eat my Hat. Now,
Madam, you see what a Cheat he is, and whether he
deserves any more Favours than to be decently hang'd
with the rest of his Brothers.

Sir Co. My Brothers hang'd, Mr *Surly*?

Sur. I mean the Pictures in the Hangings, for they
and thou are all but Needle-work; and thou would'st
live for a Piece o' Tapestry; but for a Husband, Lord
be Mercy on thee!

Sir Co. Your Servant, Mr *Surly*, you are a very well
ed Gentleman, Sir, and pay great Veneration to a
Lady o' Quality, and your Mistress——ha! ha!

Leo. His Mistress, ha! ha!

Sir Co. Let's rally him to Death, Madam——ha! ha!——

Sur. Rally! does the ridiculous Figure pretend to
speak at any Thing!

Sir Co. D'ye hear, Madam?

Leo. Sir *Courtly*, you are a Martyr to good Manners,

and suffer out o' Respect to me, more than is fit for a Man to bear.

Sur. He a Man! I ha' seen a Butler make a better Thing out of Diaper Napkin.

Sir Co. Your humble obliged Servant——*Sir.*

Leo. *Sir Courtly*, I'll withdraw, that you may do yourself Justice——and be kick'd——[Exit]

Sir Co. Your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

Leo. I'll no longer protect such a Coxcomb——[Exit]
as yourself.

Sir Co. Your very humble Servant, Madam; I'll put his Soul out presently.

Leo. Oh! don't do him that Favour, *Sir*; only correct him.

Sir Co. Well, Madam, what your Ladyship pleases——
Your Ladyship's very humble Servant. [Exit Leo.]

Mr Surly, I have received some Favours from you *Sir*, and I desire the Honour of your Company, *Sir*, to-morrow Morning at *Barn Elms*, *Sir*——please to name your Weapon, *Sir*.

Sur. A Squirt.

Sir Co. A Squirt!

Sur. Ay, for that will go to thy Heart, I'm sure.

Sir Co. Well, *Sir*, I shall kiss your Hands.

Sur. Kiss my Breech——[Exit]

Sir Co. Beast, Clown, Fool, Rascal. Pox take him——
what shall I do with him? It goes against my Stomach
horribly to fight such a Beast, if his filthy Sword should
touch me, 'twould make me as sick as a Dog [Exit]

SCENE, a Garden.

Enter Crack and Leonora.

Leo. Ha! ha! I'll secure the Coxcomb——I'll put
him confin'd upon the Guard, among Tobacco-takers
and that will confine him to his Bed and Bagnios for
one Month.

Cr. That will do rarely. About this Time I expect
Farwell, I ha' sent for your Brother to introduce him.

Leo. My Brother!

Cr. Your Brother I say, to shew my Skill. Retire
and stay conceal'd in the Garden. Here your Brother
comes. [Exit Leo.]

Enter Lord Bellguard.

Now for Lyes and Nonsense to entertain this jealous
Brother till the Lover comes.

Or, It cannot Be.

55

Bell. Sir Thomas, your Servant; what's your Will with me?

Cr. Talk—I love Talk——begin.

Bell. Very pithy.

Cr. In what Circumstance are we?

Bell. Circumstance!

Cr. Ay, what call you this where we are?

Bell. A Garden.

Cr. A Garden! I've seen in the *Indies* a Melon as big,

Bell. As all this Garden!

Cr. Bigger.

Bell. Well ly'd of a mad Man (*aside*). Are all your Fruit so large?

Cr. All.

Bell. Your Nutmegs and Pepper are not.

Cr. Your History is erroneous; we have Nutmegs as big as small Fly-boats, I have sail'd a hundred Leagues in a Nutmeg.

Bell. Well ly'd.

Cr. Our Oysters have wonderful Conference.

Bell. Circumference, I suppose, you mean.

Cr. You have nick'd it; three of 'em block up a Harbour; 'tis our Way of Mortification.

Bell. Fortification.

Cr. You are in the right—Pox on't, I have been so long aboard I have almost forgot my mother Tongue.

Well——when will this Lover come? 'Tis near the Hour, and delicately dark.

[*Aside*.

newell } Murder! Murder! Murder! } *Clashing of*
within. } } *Swords.*

Cr. That's he! he's come! (*aside*). Murder cried out.

Bell. And at my Coach-house Door!

newell } Oh! Cowardly Rogues! Four upon one.

within } Bell. A Gentleman assassinated!

Cr. Open the Door.

Bell. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord?

Bell. Call some o' the Servants to assist a Gentleman upon at my Coach-house Door.

Cr. Ay——quick——quick——

[*Draws.*

Bell. How, Sir Thomas! will you venture among 'em?

Cr. D'y'e think I won't? a Gentleman and not fight?

Bell. I must not suffer it, you may be hurt.

Cr. No, Sir, I'll fight like a Gentleman; I'll come by no Hurt I'll warrant you——Come quick——quick——open the Door——

Enter Servants.

Now sound a Trumpet, Tivy—tivy tan tan—tivy—
—Tone——Pox on't, 'tis a Horn——I don't know a
Horn, I ha' forgot every Thing that belongs to a Gentle-
man——Among 'em——helter skelter——

*{ Exeunt Bell. Cr. and Ser. mean while
Farewell steals into the Garden.*

Enter Leonora and her Woman.

Leo. I' my Conscience this is Crack's Design to let in
Mr Farewell.

Fa. Dear Madam, you are in the right.

Leo. Mr Farewell! I know your Voice——

Fa. Oh! Madam, I adore you for this Bounty.

Leo. And I shou'd blush for it.

Fa. Why so, Madam?

Leo. Should a Woman admit a Lover by Night at a
Back-door into the same House where she lies, and con-
verse privately with him before Marriage?

Fa. Your Brother admitted me.

Leo. 'Tis true indeed, you may thank him for the
Favour. I thought your Sufferings deserved Pity, and
my Brother wou'd let me shew it ~~to~~ other Way.

Fa. A thousand Blessings on you.

Leo. I doubt not but my Honour is very safe in your
keeping, I wish your Person were as secure in mine.

Fa. I am glad o' the Danger, since 'tis some Assurance
o' my Love.

Leo. Your Friend Mr Crack plays his Part very well
and I doubt not but he will secure us here, and contrive
us hence; but then other Dangers will follow you.

Fa. What are those, Madam?

Leo. The Danger of marrying without a Fortune, or
ten thousand Pounds is at my Brother's Disposal.

Fa. I am glad of that too, Madam; 'twill shew that
my Love is not mercenary.

Leo. The Danger of being laugh'd at by the Wits for
marrying at all.

Fa. Oh! let the Wits keep the jilting rotten Wenches
and leave the sweet virtuous Ladies to us married
Fools; I can be as well pleased to keep a fine Wife

myself, as they can be to maintain fine Wenches for all the Town.

Leo. Nay, your keeping Men, Keepers like, have commonly but the Offals for their Share. Well the Evening Air will be unwholesome to you; if you stay longer in it, you'll be in Danger of Thunder and Lightning presently; I mean my Brother—he comes—follow me—

[*Exeunt* Leo. Fa. Wom.

Enter Bellguard, Crack, &c.

Cr. What cowardly Rogues were these? they ran upon our first sallying.

Bell. They had Reason, you're a Lion.

Cr. I us'd to kill Lions and Tygers in the Indies as you do Hares and Conies here. I keep a Tyger-Warren. I kill'd a Brace every Morning to get me a Stomach.

Bell. It was a good one sure; you offer'd dear for it. Well, I hope you ha' got no Hurt?

Cr. Yes, something very sharp went quite thro' my Stomach.

Bell. How! thro' your Stomach! then you cannot live.

Cr. Yes, if you 'noint it presently with a good Dish o' Jelly-Broth, and tent it with a Bone o' roast Beef.

Bell. Is that the Wound! It shall be heal'd presently.

Cr. Presently, for my Stomach is captious.

Bell. It shall be done. Go to my Aunt, and desire her to order Sir Thomas's Supper—

Sir. She's not very well, my Lord, and gone to Bed.

Bell. Then let the Steward do it. Sir Thomas I am going out, and shall stay late. Pray command my House—good Night to you—

[*Exit*.

Cr. Your Servant, Sir—you keep a Woman! Now to the Lovers—where are they?—

Enter Farewell, Leonora, and her Woman.

Fa. Here! here! thou divine Fellow.

Cr. So, so: kifs! kifs! kifs!—

Leo. Before Marriage!

Cr. Ay, for Fear you shou'd not kifs after Marriage—Well, the House is our own, and the Night our own—our Aunt gone to Bed, and your Brother abroad, we'll tory, and 'tis—a fine Night, we'll revel in the Garden—Slaves go bring my Supper—quick—quick—

Exeunt Slaves—and *enter with Dishes*: Farewell, Leonora, and Crack sit down.

Enter Siamites and Bantamers.

Now a Song and Dance o' your own Fashion——but
shut the Garden Gates——and look to 'em well, for I'll
be private in my Pleasures——

[A Song and Indian Dance]

——So——now to my Chamber——well——there
is no publick Officer like your Pimp——

*Pimps manage the great Business o' the Nation;
That is——the heavenly Work o' Propagation.*

[Exeunt omnes]

ACT V.

SCENE, Crack's Chamber.

Enter Farewell and Crack.

Fa. **O** H thou divine Fellow, what joys had thou
procured me ?

Cr. What Joys ?

Fa. All that Innocence could afford.

Cr. Innocence ! that's insipid Stuff.

Fa. No, Mr. Crack, there's Difference between the
Manna that came from Heaven, and that out of Toll-
carries Shops ; a Touch of *Leonora's* Hand, like Manna
from Heaven, has all that Man can fancy. Here she
comes.

Enter Leonora.

This Madam, is bountiful, after an Evening Con-
versation to afford me a Morning too.

Leo. We should be charitable to Prisoners.

Fa. I am Prisoner, but such a happy one as a King,
when lodg'd in a Royal Tower, to prepare for his Co-
ronation. My Hour of Coronation draws near, I wait
only the Church Ceremony and the Oath.

Cr. Madam, how durst you venture hither by Day-
light ?

Leo. My Aunt and Brother are gone abroad, and won-
come Home till Noon, so all those Hours are mine——
now, Mr. Crack, to requite your Mafick, I ha' brought
some o' mine to entertain you.

A Song——and enter a Woman.

Wom. Oh ! Madam——undone——your Brother.

Cr. How ? how ?

Wom. Just coming up Stairs to visit—you, Sir Thomas.

Cr. Pox of his Civility. Hide, Sir, hide. And do you Woman shriek!—shriek! and cry out Murder.

{ Cr. throws himself on the Ground, and
scrambles in distracted Postures after
the Women. They shriek——

Enter Lord Bellguard.

Tell. So, here's my Sister got into the mad Man's Room, and has put him into a frantick Fit. Oh! the insatiable Curiosity o' Women.

Cr. You Whores!——you bewitching Whores, do you come to bewitch me? I'll fetch Blood from you.

Bell. Why would you offer to come hither, Sister?

Cr. What are you, Sir, the King of Bantam?

Bell. No, Sir, no.

Cr. Oh! the Mogul.

Bell. Nor the Mogul.

Cr. What do you then with all these Concubines?—

Oh! I know you now, you're a fine Man, you have put me into brave Circumstances. Did not I desire you to let me see no Women? and here you keep a Company of rambling Whores in your House, that have put me into the Circumstances o' Distraction. I was a-top o' the Staircase taking a Prospect of the *Cape of Good hope*, and these Flyboats came sailing under my Nose. What do me I? but leap down to break their Necks? and ha' broke my own I think; I am certain I have broke something, but what I don't know; pray take me up, and look over my Bones, see if none be missing; if they be, Bone for Bone will be demanded.

Bell. Poor Creature! Who's there?

Cr. Who's there? will you trust me to your Servants? If a Leg or an Arm of mine be broke, they'll leave it behind them, and I shall lose it. I expect all my Limbs and Bones from you as you receiv'd 'em; so——come and take Account of 'em.

Bell. I will—I will——

[Takes him up—

Cr. Oh I have a Care—Oh!—

Bell. Alas! I fear he's hurt; your Curiosity has done this; did you not gape enough before upon him?

Cr. Oh! gently! gently!——so——so——

[Bell. leads him out.

Tell. Oh! this pleasant Rogue! ha! ha!

Leo. 'Tis an excellent Fellow. As soon as we hear

my Brother is returning, slip into that Passage, 'twill lead you to Crack's Bed-chamber.

Enter Aunt.

Au. How now, Gentlewoman? a Man wi' you! Nephew——Nephew——Nephew——

Leo. Be gone—be gone—thro' that Entry.

Exit Farewell at one Door, at another

Enter Lord Bellguard.

Bell. What's the Matter?

Au. Our Family's dishonour'd, dishonour'd—here was a Fellow, a handsome young Fellow wi' my Niece. Oh! my Flesh! my Flesh!

Leo. Wi' me!

Au. Will you deny it, Confidence?

Bell. Who's there? *Hot-head, Testimony*, all of you come hither.

Enter Hot-head, Testimony, &c.

Test. What's your Honour's Pleasure?

Bell. To cut all your Throats, you are all Bawds and Villains.

Hot. Leave me out o' the Number you had bed.

Bell. I will not, Sir, for here was a young Fellow wi' my Sister.

Leo. My Aunt's Whimsy and Jealousy.

Au. I could tread you under my Feet.

Bell. Which Way went he?

Au. Into that Passage; he cannot be got farther than Sir Calico's Bed-chamber.

Bell. Lock all the Doors, arm, and beset Sir Thomas Calico's Lodgings.

Leo. This will prove such another wise Business as the Picture.

Bell. Hold your Peace—get you into that Room wi' my Aunt. Aunt, pray look to her.

[Exit Bell. Hot. Test. &c.]

Au. I'll keep her, I warrant her—Come in, Gentlewoman—you are a fine Gentlewoman.

Leo. Oh! my heart trembles—Heaven inspire Crack

Ex. Aunt and Leonora. Scene changes to another Room

Enter Farewell and Crack.

Fa. Oh! cursed Fortune.

Cr. Well, don't trouble yourself; I'll bring you safe.

Far. Not trouble myself when *Leonora's* Honour is in Danger! she'll be the Jest of every prating Fop and malicious Beauty.

Cr. Her Honour shall be safe too; this blustering Brother shall entertain you—

Fa. With a Blunderbuss:

Cr. Ay, full o' Claret. Away—away—he comes.

Ex. Fa. and enter Bellguard, Hot-head, Testimony, and the Servants armed.

Cr. How? the high and glorious Emperor o' *Siam* with all his Guards? Thou most invincible *Paduoco, Farucco—nelmocadin—bobbekin—bow—wow—wow—* why dost thou seek to destroy us *English*, seated on thy Dominions by thy own Letters Patents?

Bell. Pish!—take him away.

Cr. Take away our Privileges! then this goes to my Heart.

[Draws his Dagger, and pretends to stab himself.]

Bell. Hold—hold—Sir Thomas—Sir Thomas, no Hurt meant to you.

Cr. Most great and glorious Emperor, I humbly thank, and do humbly implore thee, that thou would'st command thy invincible Guards to lay down their Arms, and put us out of our Frights, and we'll submit our Persons to thee. This is some Interloper's Work.

[Aside.]

Bell. Pox o' this impertinent mad—Coxcomb; lay down your Weapons, may be if we humour him he may come to his Senses, and give us Leave to search the Rooms.

[They lay down their Weapons.]

Cr. My Lord Bellguard, your most humble Servant.

Bell. He's come to himself; that's well. Sir Thomas your Servant, how do you?

Cr. A little discompos'd, something has frightened me, and put me into the Circumstance of a Sweat.

Bell. I'm sorry for that. Shall I beg Leave to search your Rooms for a Thief that's got in?

Cr. Pardon's begg'd, Search must not be made, for I have a Friend there you must not see.

Bell. Would you and your Friend were hang'd. *[Aside.]*

Cr. A very honest Gentleman, but very much addicted to Marriage; 'tis he that I told you is to marry my Indian

Bob of a Sister—Mr. Farewell.

Bell. Mr. Farewell!

Cr. Ay, hearing of my Arrival, and what Circumstances I was in, hover'd all this Morning about the House to get a Sight o' me, but car'd not to come in, for it seems there is Enmity between you.

Bell. 'Tis true, and I wonder how he got in without my Knowledge.

Cr. I made him come in ; I was throwing my Legs about in the Hall, and the Door being open, our Eyes knock'd immediately, and gave Remembrance such a Bang, that we ran full speed into the Circumstances embracing.

Bell. And pray who saw this ?

Cr. Who saw ? what care I who saw ; I care not if the whole Town saw, I'm not asham'd of owning Mr. Farewell.

Bell. No, Sir, but I mean which of my Family saw that I may thank 'em for their Care.

Cr. What do I care for your Family ? If I may not bring a Friend into your Family, a Part for your Family.

Bell. Nay, be not angry, Sir Thomas, your Friend welcome.

Cr. I doubt it not, for I have found you a very civil Person. And now Recollection is active, I fancy he's the Man you take for a Thief. 'Tis so—ha ! ha !—excuse me—ha ! ha !—Leave is implor'd—ha ! ha !—Brother Farewell.

[*Fa.* within] Brother.

Cr. Come out and participate o' Laughter.

Bell. So, now have I play'd the Fool again, ventur'd myself, and wrong'd my Sister with impertinent jests and loudies.

Enter Farewell.

Cr. Come, Brother—ha ! ha ! laugh—but first salute.

Fa. My Lord, I believe you wonder to see me here, and you may ; I call myself Bastard, and renounce the Blood o' my Family, by coming under your Roof with any Design but to prejudice you, which at present must acknowledge to my Shame is not my Intention. I visit my Friend here for his own Sake, and the Sake of a great Beauty, which you shall not hinder me of, my Lord.

Bell. I will not, Mr. Farewell, I scorn those effeminate Revenges ; if I hurt any Man, it shall be with my Sword.

Fa. Your Sword, my Lord !

Cr. Hold, hold.

Bel. Ay, any where but here, *Mr. Fareswell* ; my House is your Sanctuary, and here to offer you Violence, would prejudice myself.

Cr. What a Quarrelling's here ! I' my Conscience, I believe, my Lord, 'tis because you think he came to kill me, I being under whimsical Circumstances, for remember you call'd him a Thief. Look you, my Lord, don't fear me, I won't be stole—I know when I am well—Brother, I am well provided for, I want nothing but my Wits ; and what do they signify ? If a Man lives a Gentleman, no Matter whether he has Wit or no—

Fa. Well, my Lord, tho' I have the Misfortune to be your Enemy, I am none to good Manners ; I am sorry I have given your House this Trouble, and the more because my Friend receives such generous Usage of it.

Bel. Nor am I an Enemy to Love and the fair Sex : If the Lady you come for loves you, for her Sake I wish you Success.—

Fa. Now, my Lord, you vanquish me.

Cr. He's a brave Man—Faith—

Fa. I fancy we shall live to be better Friends, at present I'll take my Leave—my Lord, your Servant.—

Bel. Your Servant, Sir.

Cr. Brother, I must see you down Stairs. This was Master Piece, ha ! ha !

[*Ex. Fa. and Cr.*]

Bel. Now I am cool again. What a Flame had your Negligence put me into. Here, release my Sister, I'm bound to see her.—

[*To a Servant.*]

Hot. Sirrah ! Sirrah ? you did this to make me suffer.

Jess. Ay, ay, I must be abused because I'm a Protestant.

Hot. A Protestant ! a Dog. But with such Names Rogues divide the Rabble, and make the Nation go, by the Devil, upon cloven Feet.

Bel. Hold your prating, and by your future Care make amends for your past Negligence ; your Trouble shall not be long, within this eight and forty Hours I'll marry her, or send her into the Country.

Hot. Well—well—I'll look to her for the Honour of my Family, not your huffing.

Test. I to discharge a Conscience—

Enter Leonora.

Leo. So—Sir—

Bell. My Sister—

Leo. Do you run from me ? Is that the Reparation you make for the intolerable Wrongs you have done me ?

[Pretends to burst into Tears.]

Bell. Well, I have wrong'd you, I am sorry for it, and beg your Pardon—I must be gone—about Business—your Business—to fetch Sir Courtly Nice, Your Servant, Sister.

Leo. Oh ! your Servant, Sir,—ha ! ha !—he runs—may chance, Sir, to run as nimbly from you, if Crack Wits do not fail him—here he comes—

Enter Crack.

Thou admirable Fellow, what hast thou done with Mr. Farewell ?

Cr. He's in the Street, staying for you.

Leo. Staying for me ! and can't thou convey me to him ?

Cr. D'ye question it ? put on a Vizard, and something over your Cloaths.

Leo. Sweet Rogue.

Cr. Nay, nay, be gone.

Leo. Delicate Rogue.

Cr. Nay, nay, he stays for you.

Leo. Incomparable Rogue.

Cr. Pshaw ! put on your Vizard.

Leo. Most excellent Rogue.

Cr. Oons ! put on your Vizard.

Leo. I will—I will—ha ! ha ! tell—toll—derol—

Cr. goes out, and as Leo. is going out singing and dancing, she's met by Bellguard and Sir Courtly.

Bell. Oh ! Sister, your Tune's alter'd.

Sir Co. Oh ! Madam ! I'm happy to find your Ladyship in so gay a Humour.

Leo. You'll not find it so—

Bell. Sir Courtly, I'll betray her to you. I left her in Tears upon an unhappy Occasion, and at parting told her I would bring you. Now you are come I find her in Joy. Nothing else could cause the Change.

Sir Co. Oh ! fortunate.

Leo. Oh! Fop!—

[*Aside.*

Bell. Now improve your Interest, and let us see how great a Master you are in Courtship by your dexterous Dispatch. I leave you together—

[*Exit.*

Sir Co. And upon my Soul I will. Oh! Madam, am I so fortunate, so glorious, to be well in your fine Inclinations?

Leo. Oh! fie, Sir *Courtly*—if I had any such Guilt upon me do you think I wou'd confess?

Sir Co. You do confess, Madam—your fine Eyes and your languishing Air, and your charming Blushes, and all those Things—

Leo. I hope I carry no such false Things about me; for if they say any such Thing, they infinitely wrong me.

Sir Co. Oh! now you are cruel, Madam; you kill me.

Leo. Can you hope for my Heart, Sir *Courtly*, 'till I've some Assurance o' your's.

Sir Co. What Assurance wou'd your Ladyship have?

Leo. All Manner—he that pretends to my Heart—must sigh, and wait, and watch—and pant—and fight, and write—and kill himself.

Sir Co. All this I ha' done, Madam, and ten thousand Things more, drove by your Windows a thousand Times a Day, sought you at the Parks and the Plays, was a constant faithful Attendant at all Tragedies—for I pre-
sented your Ladyship nauseates all Comedies.—

Leo. Oh! foh!

Sir Co. They are so ill—bred—and saucy with Quality, and always cramm'd with our odious Sex—that have not always the most inviting Smell—Madam, you'll pardon me—Now at Tragedies the House is all kind with Beauty, and then a Gentleman may endure it. And I have gone, found not your Ladyship here, drove Home, kill'd myself with sighing, and then writ a Song.

Leo. Oh! Heavens! Sir *Courtly*, did you ever write Song upon me?

Sir Co. Above a thousand.

Leo. Oh! there's nothing charms me like a Song—for Heaven's Sake—the Song!—the Song!—

Sir Co. I've above forty here in a sweet Bag: I'll shew you the first I made upon your Ladyship; 'tis thought to be a pretty foolish soft Song, most Ladies are very kind to it.

*As I gaz'd un-a-ware
On a Face so fair——*

Leo. Oh ! Sir Courtly——

Sir Co. *Your cruel Eye
Lay watching by
To snap my Heart,
Which you did wi' such Art,
Then away wi't you ran,
Whilst I look'd on.——
To my Ruin and Grief;
Stop Thief——stop Thief.*

Leo. Oh ! fine ! oh ! fine !

Sir Co. That stop Thief, Madam, is pretty novel.

Leo. Oh ! delicate ! I'm charm'd ! I'm lost !——
what have I said——

Sir Co. What makes me the happiest of Creatures !

Leo. I only rally——I renounce all——

Sir Co. Not for the World——

Leo. Away——the Song again——the Song——I'll be
nothing but the Song. Is there no Tune to it ?

Sir Co. One of my own composing.

Leo. That Accomplishment too ! Heavens ! how is
a Gentleman is this ?

Sir Co. Oh ! Madam, how proud you make me !

Leo. Oh ! dear how I betray myself ? foolish Cre-
ature——no more——no more——the Tune, the Tune.

Sir Co. I always humour my Words with my Air ;
I make the Voice shake at the last Line, in Imitation
a Man that runs after a Thief. Sto——ho——ho——hop-
Thief——

Leo. Oh ! delicate ! cannot I learn it ? Sto——ho——
ho——ha ! ha ! ha !

[Imitates his foolish Singing, and falls into a Laugh]

Sir Co. Dear Madam, what makes your Ladyship
laugh ?

Leo. At a Coxcomb, that thought to win me with
foolish Song, this puts it into my Head.

Sir Co. Oh ! foolish ! there are Abundance of
foolish fellows, and does the Song please your Lady-
ship ?

Leo. Infinitely, I did not think you had been so
a Poet.

Sir Co. Poetry, Madam, is my great Foible, and
when I see a fine Woman I cannot command my Foible

Leo. How? d'ye make Songs upon other Ladies? unfortunate, I've given my Heart to an inconstant Man—

Sir Co. Oh! Madam—only Gallantry.

Leo. I'm abus'd—unfortunate— [Pretends to weep.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam, you take it wrong—

Leo. I'm abus'd—

Sir Co. Oh! Heavens!

Leo. But the Song's very fine! Sto—ho—ho—ha! [Sings and laughs.

Sir Co. Pleasant Creature.

Leo. Coxcomb—

[Aside.

Sir Co. We shall be infinitely fond—A pretty Glass, Madam. [Looks in a Glass.

Leo. So; he's making an Affignation with his own foolish Face, I'll leave him to court that and steal away. [Exit.

Sir Co. Sto—ho—ho—hop—

Enter Aunt.

Au. Singing, Sir Courtly?

Sir Co. At your Service, Madam. Well, Madam, you have said so many fine Things to me, that assure myself of my Heart; and now I'm resolv'd to push this Opportunity to an Extremity o' Happiness.

[Sir Courtly looks into the Glass while he speaks.

Au. Oh! fortunate! this to me! I did make him some Advances to-day I confess, and have they had this success? My Heart pants; I am surpriz'd with an infinite Joy, and am not able to answer— [Aside.

Sir Co. Well, Madam, I must be happy, and so upon the Lady gone— [Turns from the Glass.

Au. Sir Courtly, you put me in great Confusion.

Sir Co. The Lady's Consent is very considerable—she governs her Niece, and under her Conduct may make me happy, with a Reserve to Modesty. [Aside. Well, Madam, shall I have your Consent to my Happiness, my Glory?

Au. Oh! dear Sir! is it possible to answer you so soon?

Sir Co. So soon, Madam! you know my Passion has been long.

Au. Is it possible? I swear I never heard of it before.

Sir Co. That's strange; wou'd not my Lord, your nephew, acquaint you?

Au. He never said one Word of it to me.

Sir Co. That's amazing.

Au. I find my Nephew has been false to me, seems it is me the Gentleman loves, and my Nephew wou'd defraud me of him for his Sister—here's his Doings!—

Sir Co. I swear I thought your Ladyship had known and granted your Consent—you said so many fine Things—

Au. I said no more, *Sir Courtly*, than what were the Result o' my Thoughts upon the Contemplation of your great Desert—

Sir Co. Your Ladyship's most humble Servant—here I hope, Madam, since my Passion has been long, that you knew not of it, you will not defer my Happiness—'Tis in your Power, I'm certain no Person controuls you—

Au. Controuls me? that's pleasant—no, Sir.

Sir Co. She says true; she can bring her Niece (*aside*.) I beseech you, Madam, take Pity of a suffering Lover.

Au. Oh! Sir, shou'd I consent so soon 'twou'd be against all Forms.

Sir Co. I would not for the World offend against the Forms. No Man living more studies and adores the Manner of Forms; but my Passion has been long.

Au. I know not what to say, Sir, indeed I must not—

Sir Co. Oh! Pardon me!

Au. Oh! Pardon me!

Sir Co. Oh! Madam!

Au. You confound me, Sir.

Sir Co. You distract me, Madam. It must be—

Au. Well, Sir, I yield, but with an Extremity of blushing.

Sir Co. Your most obliged humble Servant.

Au. My severe Temper wou'd never ha' been wrought on so soon but by so fine a Gentleman.

Sir Co. Your most humble Servant.

Au. And to revenge myself on my Nephew for his false Play—

Sir Co. Well, Madam, we'll in my Coach to the new Church presently.

Au. 'Tis very hard to resist you, *Sir Courtly*. If you please I will first put on a Disguise, for I desire it may be manag'd with all Secrecy till the Ceremony of Marriage be over.

Sir Co. With all my Soul, for I infinitely love a secret Intrigue, especially when every Body knows of it.

Mr. Left my Nephew light on us, and prevent it.

Sir Co. He's for the Match.

Mr. He's very false.

Sir Co. Is it possible?

Mr. Is it not apparent, when he conceal'd the whole
from me, lest I should promote it?

Sir Co. That's unanswerable, I'm amaz'd at it. Well,
Madam, I shall not fail of being happy?

Mr. Immediately, Sir.

Sir Co. And you think you have Power?

Mr. Power! that's pleasant.

Sir Co. So—so—she'll bring or send her——(*aside.*)

Tell, Madam, your most humble Servant——

Mr. Your very blushing Servant. [*Exit.*]

Sir Co. Your humble—sto—sto—ho—hop—Thief——
[*Exit.*]

Enter Crack and Leonora laughing.

Cr. An humble Thief indeed, steal an old Woman?

Leo. This was a Pleasure I could not ha' thought of.
Now to our Affair.

Cr. Come, on with your Vizard. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to the Hall. Enter at one Door Hot-head
and Testimony, at another Crack.*

Cr. Barbarity! Falshood! Treachery! Murder!

Hot. What's the Matter?

Cr. Did not I stipulate upon the Surrendry of myself
this House, to be kept from Women? and I'm de-
sist'd with 'em; here's come into my Chamber a hot
Whore with a black Crust upon her Face; here
she is, Avaunt. [*Exit.*]

Crack pulls in Leonora vizarded.

Hot. You damn'd Whore, how came you into this
House? and what are you? I'll see your Face.

Cr. Then I'll see your Brains, I swear by Gogmagog,
and all the seven damnable Sins.

Test. Oh, sad! oh, sad!

Cr. Shew me the Face of a Woman? I had rather see
thy full Moons.

Hot. Stand off, Impertinence, I will see her Face.

Cr. Murder! Murder! Call my Lord; Lord, Lord,
Murder! Murder! Lord, Lord, Lord!

Hot. Hold your Bawling, I'll let her go; for now I
think on't, if my Lord shou'd find this Whore here,
then he gave such strict Orders we shou'd let no Body

out or in, he'll make more Noise than this mad Fool
so let us kick her out o' Doors; and say nothing.

Test. Hold, let us not use Violence to her; she's
great Temptation to me (*aside*). I'll reprove the
Woman, it may be I may gain upon her.

Hot. Gain a Clap Sirrah; for this is one of the
Footmens Whores, pick'd up in the Dark. Get you
out you Whore.

Test. No Violence pray; she's a great Snare to me
(*aside*). Woman, get you out, Woman: and d'ye hear
I'll follow you, and we'll drink a Bottle.

Leo. Do, old godly Knave, and thou shalt be welcome.

Test. I come! I come! (*aside*). Get you out, Woman.

Hot. Get you out, you Whore. [*They thrust Leo. out*]

Cr. Good-morrow; up so early!

Hot. What's the Whimsy now?

Cr. Am not I i' Bed?

Hot. In Bed!

Test. Poor Soul! poor Soul! ———

Cr. I'm not i' faith. 'Then I walk in my Sleep; I
fast asleep just now, and dream'd I saw Women
Vizards, and all that Trash; and the Fright put me
a Fever. I burn, prithee give me a Mouthful of sweet
Air. [*Exit Cr.*]

Hot. Prithee take a Belly-fall and be dam'd.
fine Time on't I have with Whores, and Fools, and
Men, and Fanaticks. [*Exit Cr.*]

Test. So, now I'll steal after her, for I find in me
very great Up roar. [*Exit Cr.*]

*Scene changes to Violante's House. Enter Farewell, Lila
nora vizarded, and Testimony.*

Fa. Come in, come, honest old Fornicator, thou
Girl be mine, when I have had my Collation; it shall
consent, Faith thou shalt have a Bit; I love a wench
Rogue i' my Heart.

Test. Oh! dear Sir, your very humble Servant, and
I am a kind of a Wag; I love a pretty Bit sometimes.

Fa. And I love thee the better for it; and this
pretty Bit, thou shalt see her. [*Leo. pulls off her Mask*]

Test. Oh! dear! undone! undone!

Leo. Nay, nay, Mr *Testimony*, won't you be as good
as your Word? Shan't we have a Bottle?

Test. Oh! Madam, don't discover me to my Lord
and you shall not only have my Prayers, but the Prayers
of all the sober Party for you all the Days o' my Life.

So he runs from whoring to praying.

Are not you a Rogue, Sirrah?

I know I shall be called a Rogue by the *Popish*—they will rejoice at my Fall; but I hope my Fall be sanctified unto me, for my better up-standing—

Among the Wenches—Sirrah—come, Sirrah, shall stay till my Lord comes, for his Mortification well as your's.

Oh! my Flesh, it has undone me.

Enter Violante and Crack.

My Dear.

My Dear—

Excellent *Crack*! for this great Piece o' Service ha' thee knighted under a Petticoat. Well, we must for my Lord to laugh at him.

Oh! dear! I tremble!

Who's there? Tell my Lord I desire to speak with him?

Pray let him bring Sir *Courtly Nice* and his Bride with him; be sure you say nothing o' me—

[Exit Footman.]

Are you a Bride yet?

Not yet.

Get in, and let my Chaplain make you one.

Come, Mr. *Testimony*, Mr *Crack* bring him.

How now, you Rogue! What's your Business?

Oh! my Reproach will be great.

[Ex. Fa. Leo. Cr. Tell.]

Mr *Surly*.

Enter Surly.

Well, what now!

Now you shall be my Husband.

Your Jack to turn and roast you for another, if I ha' no Share in you.

According to the Share I have in you: You Men would fain engross all Manner o' Sins, by the pretended negative o' your Sex. Well, if Iniquity be your Estate, if you ha' married me I'll put in for my Thirds.

I doubt it not; within this Week I shall see in your Hand a *Billet-doux*, that is, a Ticket to let him your Play-House.

Prithce leave off this dogged Humour.

I ha' none; Fawning is a Dog's Humour.

Nay, but Sullenness; it taxes my Estate, that is never the better for it; 'tis a *French* Estate.

Sur. Ay, but to lick a Fool's Shoe is a Spaniel's Eff.

Vio. Prithee drefs like a Gentleman.

Sur. So I do; but I wou'd not drefs like a Gentle
lag at my Years among thofe Children, to play
their Toys; be always fold'd up like a Love-Letter
with a Superscription, thefe to the next pretty Girl.

Vio. There's no altering thee——go in a while.

Enter Lord Bellguard, Sir Courtly, and Aunt

Vio. My Lord, your humble Servant; I invited
hither to reconcile you to your Sister, ſhe's weary
your Government, and has diſpos'd of herſelf.

Bell. Ay, Madam, but according to my own Deſire
that now I ſuppoſe you will acknowledge the good
fects of my Government.—Sifter, ſalute your Friend.

Vio. Do you take that for your Sifter? then I'll be
you the good Effects of your Government. Open
Door.

*The Scene is drawn, and Farewell, Leonora, a Po-
Crack, and Teſtimony appear.*

Bell. My Sifter there! call my Servants.

Cr. Nay, then call mine, the Great Mogul, and
King of Bantam; I'll pepper you.

Bell. Then you were the Pimp, were you—Sir
may chance to begin with you.

Vio. How? I' my Houſe and Preſence? Touch
if you dare.

Bell. I'm made an Aſs on.

Cr. Not far from that Circumſtance.

Bell. You Rascal——

Vio. Again!

Sir Co. But what the Devil am I made? What
I got?

Leo. Even my ſtale Aunt.

Au. Saucy Huſſy.

Sir Co. The Aunt! What, have you put upon
Madam?

Au. What have I put upon you, Sir, more than
my ſelf deſir'd? Did not you declare you have long
Paſſion for me?

Sir Co. A Paſſion for you! Comical! that's proba-
Rot me if ever I had a Paſſion for you in my Life
meant all to your Niece; a Paſſion for an old Woman.

Au. Ill bred Fop.

Sir Co. Very fine——

Vio. Now, my Lord, what say you of your fine Cot-
 tish Art of conserving Women? Will she keep if not
 candied with Virtue? here's a Piece o' dry'd Sweet-mear
 you see cou'd not keep; and proves by her Example,
 that the Huffs of either Sex, when they are boldly at-
 tack'd in private, soonest deliver their Weapons.

Mrs. This is all ill Manners.

Vio. Ay, but here's an old Cat will suffer no Vermin
 to come into the House; but then he has a liquorish
 Tooth, and loves to have a sweet Bit for himself; he
 you'd fain ha' pick'd up your Sister for a Wench.

Bel. How?

Leg. 'Tis true indeed, my Lord; I will not tell a
 Lie for the whole World.

Bel. O Villain——well, Sirrah——I'll leave you to
 my Cousin *Hot-head's* Correction.

Vio. But your Faults, my Lord, I'll take into my
 Correction, and give myself to Mr *Surly*——Mr *Surly*.

Enter Surly.

Sur. Well——

Bel. To *Surly*!

Sur. Ay, now *Nice* thy Quarrel and mine is at an
 End, I'll let thee be an Afs forty Years longer.

Sir Co. You are a rude Fellow, and you are all ill-
 bred—and I'll revenge myself on you all, as far as my
 word and Wit can go——

Leg. Wit——ha! ha!——

[All laugh.]

Sir Co.——Very fine Manners this——my Coach——Ma-
 dam, you may follow your own Occasions——I have none
 but an old Woman.

[To the Aunt.]

A. You are a Coxcomb.

Sir Co. Your Servant——my Coach——

Leg. Must I lose you, Sir *Courtly*——stop Thief——stop
 Thief——

Sir Co. Oh! your Servant——My Coach, you Dogs——

[Exit.]

Vio. Come, my Lord, I see Patience in your Face;
 may be well yet.

Leg. How? sitting already!

Vio. Promise I shall enjoy all and singular the Privi-
 leges, Liberties, and Immunities of an *English* Wife.

Bel. All.

Vio. That is to say, ramble, rant, game, drefs, visit,
 kiss, og'e, kiss——and——

Bell. Hold—hold—whither the Devil is she running! Kifs, kifs—and—stop for Heaven's sake.

Vio. Kifs, and before your Face; is it not the Prerogative of an *English* Wife? *Surly*, I owe thee a Reward for Service, kifs me.

Bell. That's not to be borne.

Vio. *Surly*, I am thy Wife.

Bell. Hold—hold—for Heaven's sake—do not use me thus?

Vio. Then do not rebel, but practise obediently the Postures of an *English* Husband before you are liked; poize your Hat, draw your Left-Leg backward, bow with your Body, and look like an Ass, whilst I kifs like a—Wife—*Surly*, kifs me.

Bell. —If he does— [*Lays his Hand upon his Sword*]

Sur. With all my Heart. If I kifs thee, let the Devil marry thee.

[*He offers to kifs her, and she gives him a Box on the Ear*]

Vio. And the Devil kifs thee; con'dst thou think a Woman wou'd suffer thy Face to come near her, like some Dairy-Maid, to curdle her Milk?

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Sur. Ho! ho! What a Society of *Gossams* are here to laugh at a Man for missing a Woman? had I married her, as my Lord *Wifeacre* intends to do, I had reason to ha' been laugh'd at for a Coxcomb and a Cuckold; he will be in a few Days.

Vio. How?

Sur. Ay, you are all Whores, Pox on you, all Whores!

Enter Hot-head and all the Servants.

Hot. Did you send for us?

Bell. Yes. Do you see where my Sister is?

Hot. By what Witchcraft was this?

Vio. Do you not remember a Vizard you turn'd out o' Doors.

Hot. Was it you?

Leo. Even the same.

Hot. Then you deserve to be turn'd out o' Doors.

Bell. But what do you deserve, Sir, that not to turn'd my Sister out o' Doors—but let Mr *Teft* lay her up for a Wench!

Hot. Oh! Dog—oh! Rogue—

Teft. I am no Rogue—a Man may fall, and

godly in the main——I am satisfied in my Spirit I am
a godly Man.——

Hot. ——Here's a Rogue——Sirrah——Sirrah——
[Beats and kicks Test.

Test. Persecution——Persecution——Papist——do——kick
the Godly, kick the Protestant out o' th' Kingdom——do,
Papist——I see what you wou'd be at—— [Exit.

Bell. So, Cousin, now I have done with Spies—you
may follow your own Business, if you have any——

Hot. Business! Yes, I have Business, and will have
Business as long as there is any Fanatick in the Kingdom,
and so farewell—— [Exit.

Bell. I am now convinced Virtue is a Woman's only
Guard. If she be base Metal, to think by Chymistry to
turn her into Gold,

*Is a vain Dream of what we never see,
And I'll proclaim to all——It cannot be.*

[Exeunt omnes.

A Song to be sung in a Dialogue between a Man and a
Woman in the third Act, to Sir Courtly Nice, at his
first Appearance.

Man. **O**H! be kind, my Dear, be kind,
Whilst our Loves and we are young,
We shall find, we shall find,
Time will change the Face or Mind;
Both will not continue long.
Oh! be kind, my Dear, be kind.

Woman. No, I love, and fear to lose you,
Therefore 'tis I must refuse you,
When I've yielded you my Crown—
You'll no more Obedience own.
No, I love, and fear to lose you,
Therefore 'tis I must refuse you.

Man. The Fair by Kindness reign,
By Cruelty destroy.
If you can charm with the Pain of Love,
Then what can you do with the Joy?
The Fair by Kindness reign,
By Cruelty destroy.

Woman. I fear to yield, but cannot deny;

Man. If you do not I shall die.

Woman. So shall I.

Both. So shall I.

Chorus
together.

{ Then ~~come~~ to Joy—come to Joy,
Better to ~~live~~ than we shou'd die.
Come to Joy, come to Joy.

A S O N G.

A Dialogue sung between an Indian Man and Woman in
the fourth Act to Farewell, Violante, and Cræsus, be-
ing an Imitation of a Song sung by some Nations of
India before the late King.

Man.

THOU lovely Indian Sea of Charms,
I'd envy no Jaw-waw above
Might I be so blest to dip
Into thy soft and yielding Arms.

With a Jimminy, Gomminy, whee, whee, whee,
With a Gomminy, Jimminy whee.

Woman.

I wou'd if you'd be true,
But when you've done
You'll be gone,

And throw me off with a Shooch shooch, shooch,
And a hush pooh,
And a fush pooh,

And a migotty, magotty, migotty, magotty,
Migotty, magotty, shooch.

Man.

No, no, my other Females all,
Yellow, fair, or black,
To thy Charms shall prostrate fall,
As every Kind of Elephant doth
To the white Elephant Butt-nack.

And thou alone shalt have from me
Jimminy, Gomminy, whee, whee, whee,
The Gomminy, Jimminy, whee.

Woman.

The great Jaw-waw that rules our Land,
And pearly Indian Sea,
Has not so absolute Command
As thou hast over me,

With a Jimminy Gomminy, Gomminy
Jimminy, Jimminy Gomminy, whee.

Both.

Thou alone shalt have from me,
Jimminy Gomminy Gomminy,
Jimminy, Jimminy Gomminy,
Whee, whee, whee, whee, whee, whee.



below